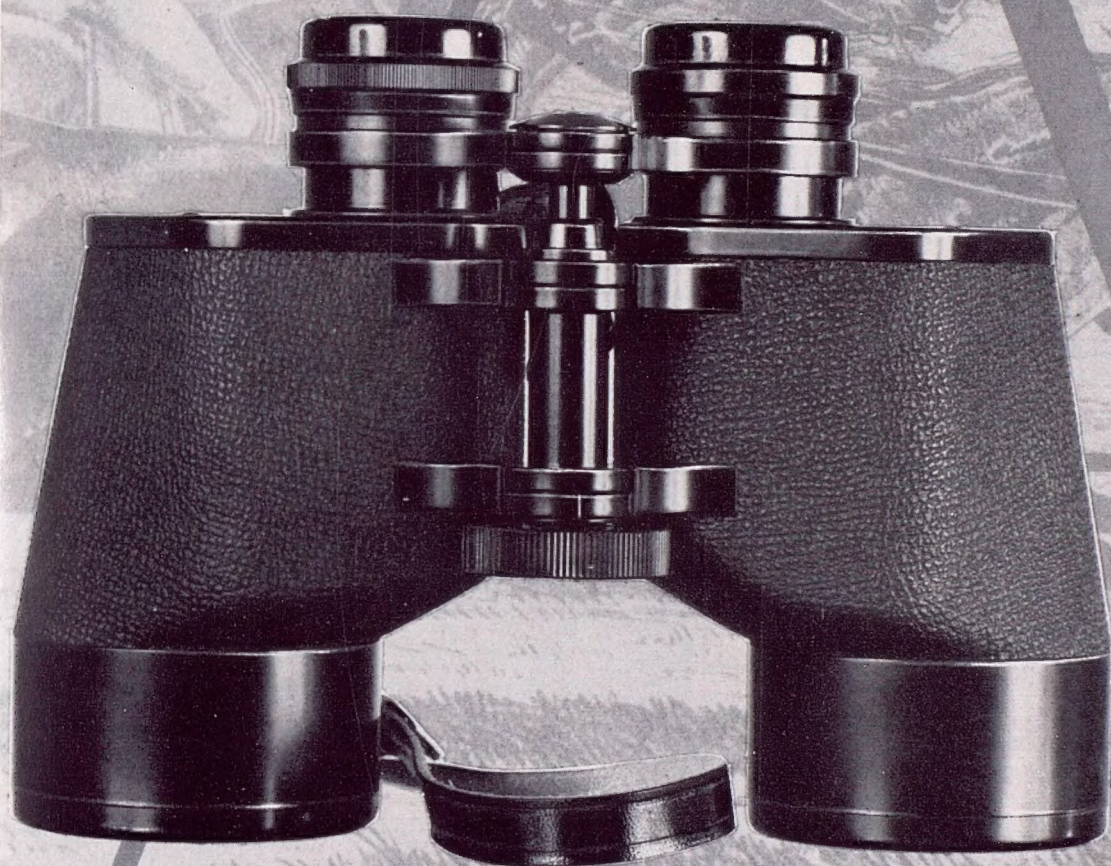


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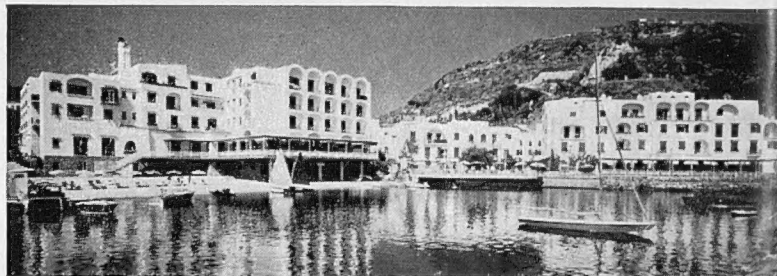
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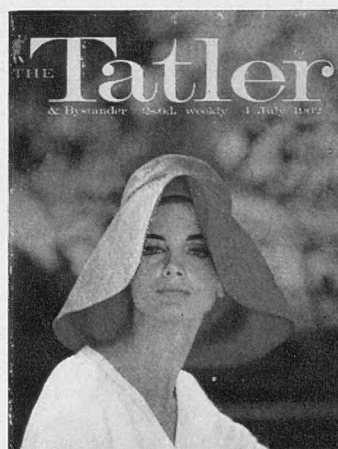
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

4 JULY, 1962

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The girl in the cool shade of the red hat in Vernon Stratton's cover picture projects a hopeful view of the sunny July we all deserve. Whether we get it depends in all probability on climatic conditions over Iceland or the Azores. But even if the weather breaks down there's plenty of summer in this week's Tatler. Start with Royal Ascot (page 13 onwards.) Muriel Bowen reports the meeting. There's July excitement in Chichester too with the opening of the new Festival Theatre. Turn to page 26 for Hector Bolitho's article and pictures by Alan Vines

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Garden Parties: Buckingham Palace, 13, 19, 24 July. **Princess Margaret** will be present at "A Night On Board s.s. Homeric" in aid of Docklands Settlements, 6 July.

Princess Margaret & the Earl of Snowdon will attend a gala performance of the London Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall on 16 July, in aid of the Royal College of Nursing.

The Queen will attend a Masque in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, on 9 July, in connection with the City of London Festival.

The Queen will attend Lingfield Park races in aid of the Olympic Games & International Equestrian Fund, 14 July.

Royal Show, Town Moor, Newcastle upon Tyne, 6 July.

Eton v. Harrow, Lord's, 6, 7 July.

Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's, 11-13 July.

Henley Regatta, to 7 July.

Royal Windsor Rose Show, Windsor Castle Grounds, 6, 7 July.

"The Spell Unbound," operetta by the Children's Opera Group, Town Hall, Chelsea, 7.30 p.m., 11 July, in aid of the World Community Chest. (Tickets, 5s., 10s., £1, from the Chairman, BEL 4705, also MAY 9838, HAM 8803.)

City of London Festival, 9-21 July.

British-American Ball, Dorchester, 10 July. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from Miss Frances Murphy, 29 Lissenden Gardens, N.W.5. GUL 4352.)

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, 11-28 July.

Open Day at Chartwell, nr. Westerham, Kent, in aid of the Y.W.C.A., by kind permission of Sir Winston & Lady Churchill, 11 July. (10.30 a.m.-8 p.m., admission 2s.)

British Empire Games Ball, Grosvenor House, 12 July. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mr. R. G. Hinks. MAY 6253.)

Ocean Wave Ball, Savoy, for the British Sailors Society, 17 July. (Tickets: £3 5s., inc. dinner, from Miss Betty Nisbet. KNI 5108.)

Peterborough Agricultural Show, 17-19 July.

Deauville Horse Show, 18-24 July.

International Horse Show, White City, 23-28 July.

Game Fair, Longleat, Wilts, 27, 28 July.

Goodwood Races, 31 July-3 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newmarket, Liverpool, today & 5; Carlisle, today & 5, 6; Haydock Park, Sandown Park, 6, 7; Bath, Stockton, Worcester, 7; Folkestone, 9; Nottingham, 9, 10; Salisbury, 10, 11, 12; Yarmouth, Doncaster, 11, 12 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Patineurs*, *Giselle*, 5 July; *Checkmate*, *The Good Humoured Ladies*, *Le Baiser De La Fée*, 7.30 p.m., 11, 12 July; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2.15 p.m., 7 July. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *L'Heure Espagnole*, *Erwartung*, *Gianni Schicchi*, *Otello*, 7, 10 July, 7.30



MICHAEL PETO

● "Here will we sit and let the sounds of music creep in our ears." The quotation is from *The Merchant Of Venice*; the feeling arises at the Aldeburgh Festival when the sounds of consorts and madrigals float from churches and halls. It captured an additional member of the audience for a performance of Benjamin Britten's chamber opera *Albert Herring* at the Jubilee Hall in this holidaymaker

p.m. *Aida*, 9, 13 July, 7 p.m. (end of opera season).

Country House Concert. "The Vagaries Of Love," by the Apollo Society, Dyrham Park, nr. Bath, 7.30 p.m., 8 July. (PRI 7142.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Iolanthe*, tonight, 6, 13 July; *Murder In The Cathedral*, 5, 7, 11 July; *The Bartered Bride*, 10, 12, 14 July. (TER 1672/3.)

Hintlesham Summer Festival, Hintlesham Hall, Suffolk. Harlequin Ballet, 6, 7 July; Spanish Dancing, 8 July; Opera *Angelo & Il Ballo Dell' Ingrate*, 13, 14 July. (MAY 7097.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood, Sinfonia of London, 8 p.m., 7 July.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Ex-

hibition, Burlington House, to 26 August.

British Self-Portraits, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 7 July.

5,000 Years of Egyptian Art, Royal Academy, to 12 August.

Arthur Boyd, paintings & drawings, Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 29 July.

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Music, to 13 July. **Chichester Festival Theatre,** to 8 September (see pages 26-31.)

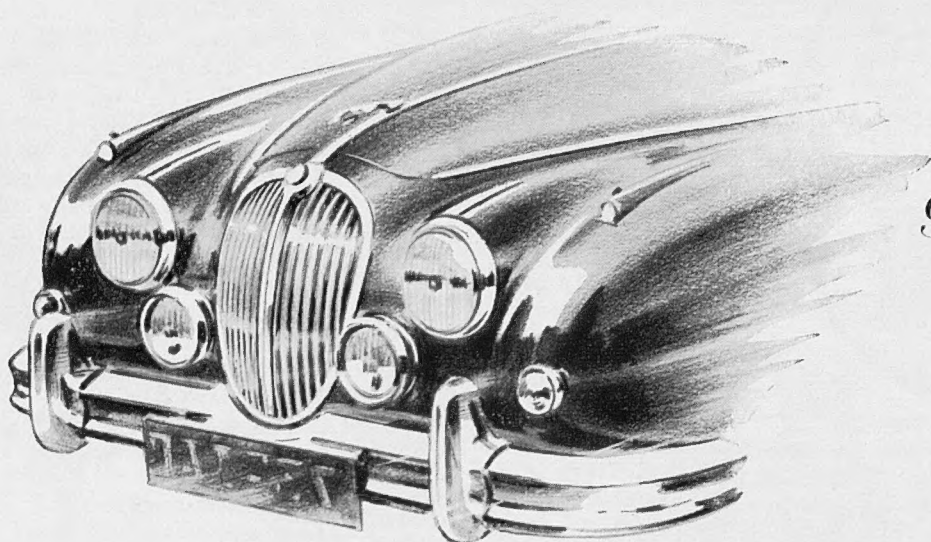
FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *Women, Beware Women*, tonight.

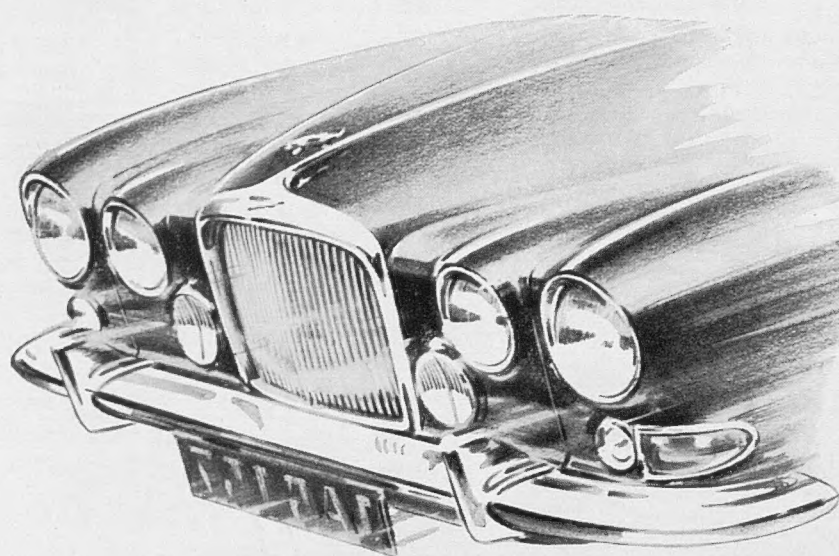
Westminster Abbey. Wakefield Mystery Plays, 16 July.

BRIGGS by Graham

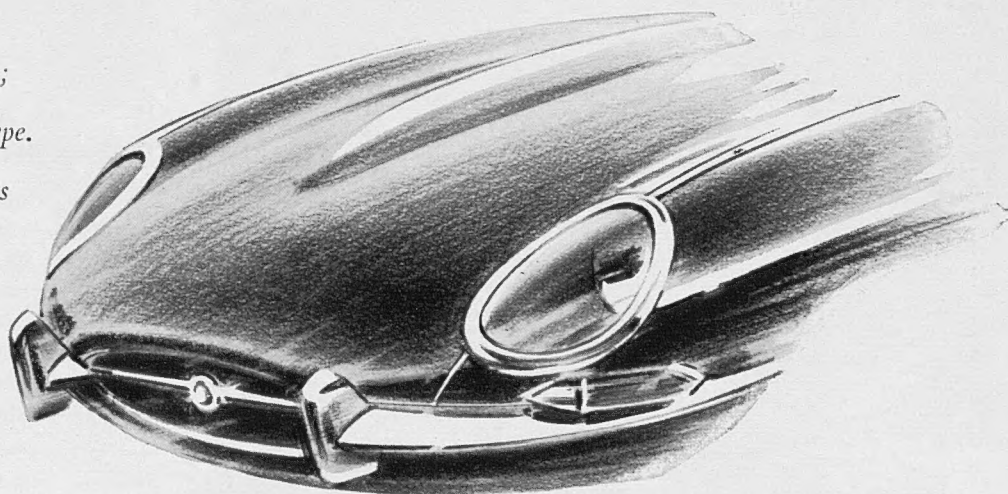




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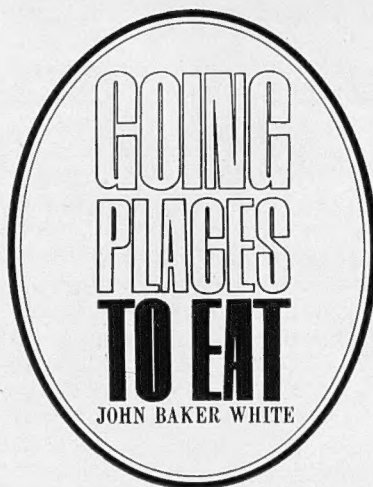
Double take

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

L'Escale, 15 Great Newport Street. Fully licensed to midnight. (TEM 5587.) Next door to, and associated with, the Black Angus, it is a new restaurant specializing in fish as its partner does in meat. I found the decoration both delightful and restful, a combination of greens, black, beige and orange. The fittings, from coffee cups to table lamps, are in the best of good taste, and the ashtrays will be, I fear, expendable. The meal I had—allow about 25s. to 30s. per head without drink—lived up to the standard of decoration and service. I sat in comfort, ate well, and enjoyed myself. The downstairs bar, complete with minute tropical fish, is both pleasant and unusual.

La Dolce Vita, Frith Street, Soho. (GER 3814.) One of the Trattoria da Otello enterprises which brought the gaily-decorated new-style Italian restaurant to London. It has really a double personality. At lunch-time it is a pleasant place for a quiet meal. At night the downstairs restaurant is open with an orchestra for dancing on two miniature floors and a full-voiced singer. It is gay and friendly, a place of happiness and laughter. Dinner with dancing will cost you about 25s. without wine. I commend the wine of the house, the inexpensive *Vino del Vasto*. There is a full menu of Italian dishes. If you are having cold meat do not miss the *Giardiniera*, the Italian form of mixed pickles. The coffee, like the service, is good, and Mino makes it his business to see that everyone is happy. W.B.



Casse-Crouete, Oyster bar & fish restaurant, 82 Sloane Avenue, Chelsea. (KEN 2457.) C.S. Open 12.30 to 2.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. New. Same ownership as the highly popular restaurant of the same name in Cale Street. About a dozen and a half comfortable seats along the bar, with room for about a score at tables. My fish soup was admirable, as was the grilled sole, and other dishes looked very pleasant. It is a completely fish menu, except *coq au vin*. Not at all expensive for high quality, for you can eat well for under £1 without drink. The wine list is chosen for fish, with wines by the glass at 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Pleasant atmosphere and swift service. W.B.

Vignette wins rosette

White Hart, Godstone. (Tel. 521.) Goodhews have spent a considerable sum of money on restoring the Tudor, and earlier, splendour of this fine old house, which stands at the crossing of the London-Eastbourne and Maidstone-Guildford roads. Good food comes from the finely-appointed

kitchens, and the polite waiters are mostly Spanish. The 10s. 6d. luncheon is adequate, and there is an extensive *à la carte* menu. The A.A. gives it a rosette. If you enjoy village cricket or want to show a friend from abroad an almost perfect vignette of English country life, Godstone is the place to visit. W.B.

Wine note

Congratulations to the Costa Brava Wine Company for arranging a one-day conference on wine at the Institute of Directors. It included a tasting of Perelada estate wines, among them the still Rosado 1955 and Tinto 1952. I hope it will become easier to get in this country the admirable still wines from Gerona. The more wines we have to talk about, the better.

... and a reminder

Fisherman's Wharf, 215 Brompton Road. (KNI 1505.) Fish and only fish, admirably cooked and served; certain to be popular.
The Casino, Taggs Island, Hampton Court. (Moseley 4311.) Just the place now that the weather has changed.
Steak Encore, 20 Leicester Square. (WHI 1894.) The 3-course luncheon is 20s. and dinner 25s., and if you want a second steak or chop you can have it.
La Poule Au Pot, 231 Ebury Street. Open 6.30 to midnight; of the bistro type with strong stage connections.
The Reluctant Dragon, 3 Cromwell Road. (KNI 7258.) A dining club devoted to high quality Chinese cooking; several experts consider it to be some of the best in London.

CABARET CALENDAR

Hungaria (WHI 4222). Singer David Hughes makes his debut in West End cabaret

Pigalle (REG 7746). In the Winifred Atwell Spectacular the pianist tops a bill that includes star turns and a cast of 50 showgirls and dancers

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). Lisa Kirk from Broadway has the solo cabaret spot. She is backed by the Four Saints, a singing-&-dancing team. At 10 o'clock, Fantastico, the sparkling revue

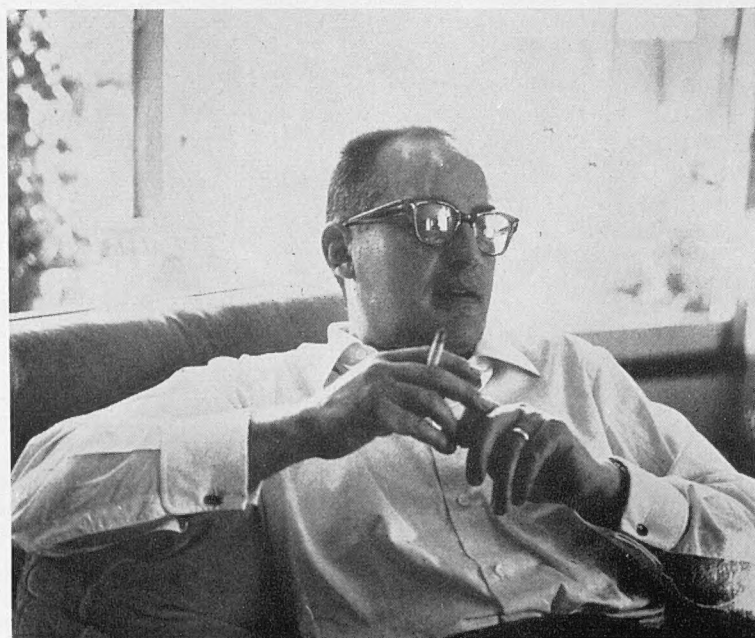
Candlelight Room, May Fair Hotel (MAY 7777). Ray Ellington and his quartet with vocalist Susan Maughan. Cabaret includes the South African National Dance team, who do a crafty Twist

Room at the Top (ILF 4455). Glamorous Sonya Cordeau sings

Winston's Club (REG 5411). Danny la Rue stars in a characteristic fast-moving floor show that also includes Anne Hart and Ronnie Corbett



Opera singer Adele Leigh has her own particular brand of smoky cabaret numbers. She is appearing at the Savoy



STORY & PHOTOGRAPH: ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

THE EPIC-MAKER

Dino De Laurentiis came to London for his film *Barabbas*. With Hollywood production largely turned over to television De Laurentiis's studios in Rome are turning out 30 films a year. His next big production is the filming of the Bible. Says De Laurentiis: "Christopher Fry, John Whiting and myself are still working on the script. My theme is the birth of a nation. With the crumbling of the walls of Jericho as a major moment. Of course, we are using only the Old Testament, though we hope to use the Apocalypse, to give the film a final nuclear relevance. We want actors, not stars. What are we calling the film? *The Bible*." Known chiefly for epics, De Laurentiis has in the past produced some smaller and much-acclaimed films, like *La Strada* and *Cabiria*, both of which won Academy Awards. After the shooting of *The Bible*, scheduled for about 14 months, De Laurentiis is planning to return here to make a social comedy, about an Italian in England, and his reactions to the British way of life. This will star Alberto Sordi, who appeared with David Niven in *Best of Enemies*



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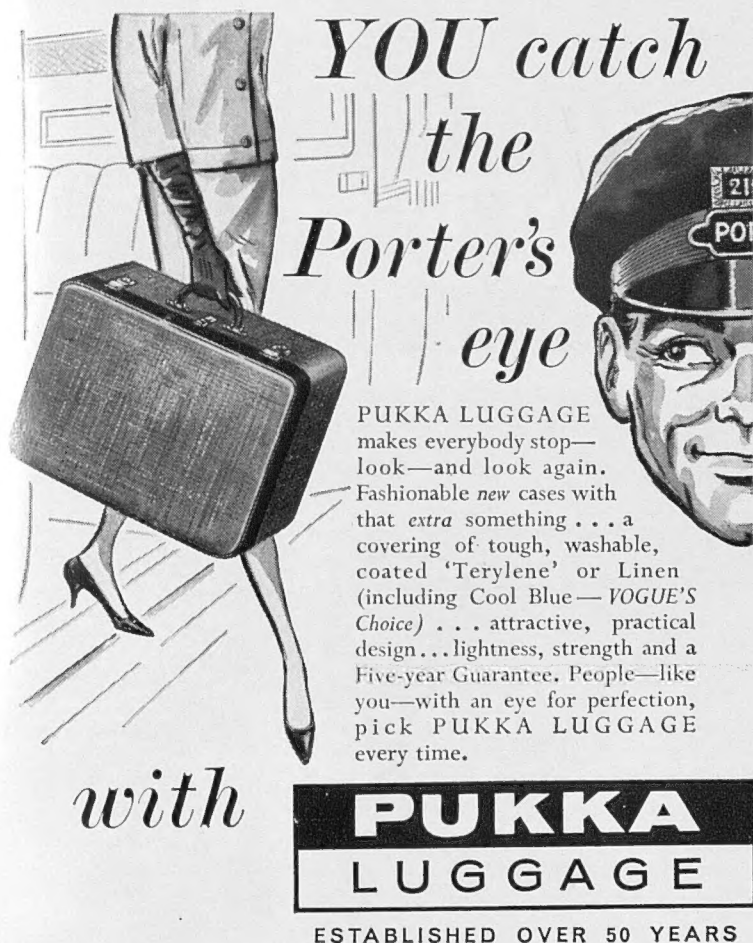
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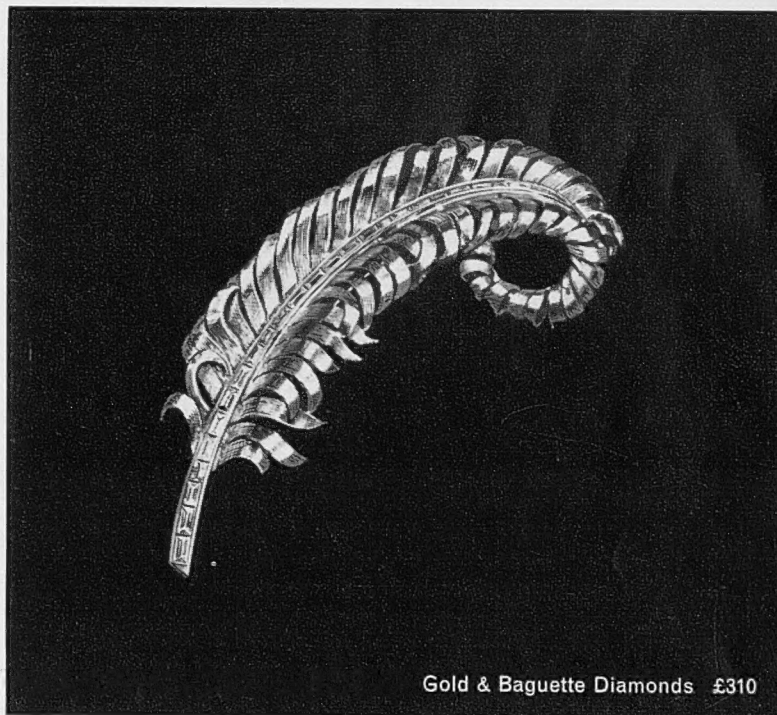
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ENTER ELAINE...

Newest bombshell from Broadway—they call her the second Ethel Merman—is Elaine Stritch who made her London debut in Noël Coward's new musical *Sail Away* at the Savoy last month. She plays the hostess on a luxury liner whose job it is to see that the passengers have a good time. The title song is familiar (it was first heard in Coward's earlier musical *Ace of Clubs*), but the rest of the score is fresh, and six of the lyrics were promptly banned by the B.B.C. In bringing the show from New York (it ran there seven months) it has suffered a sea-change, with a completely new production and some rewriting. Among the English cast is Dorothy Reynolds (right) who teamed with Julian Slade in his four musicals

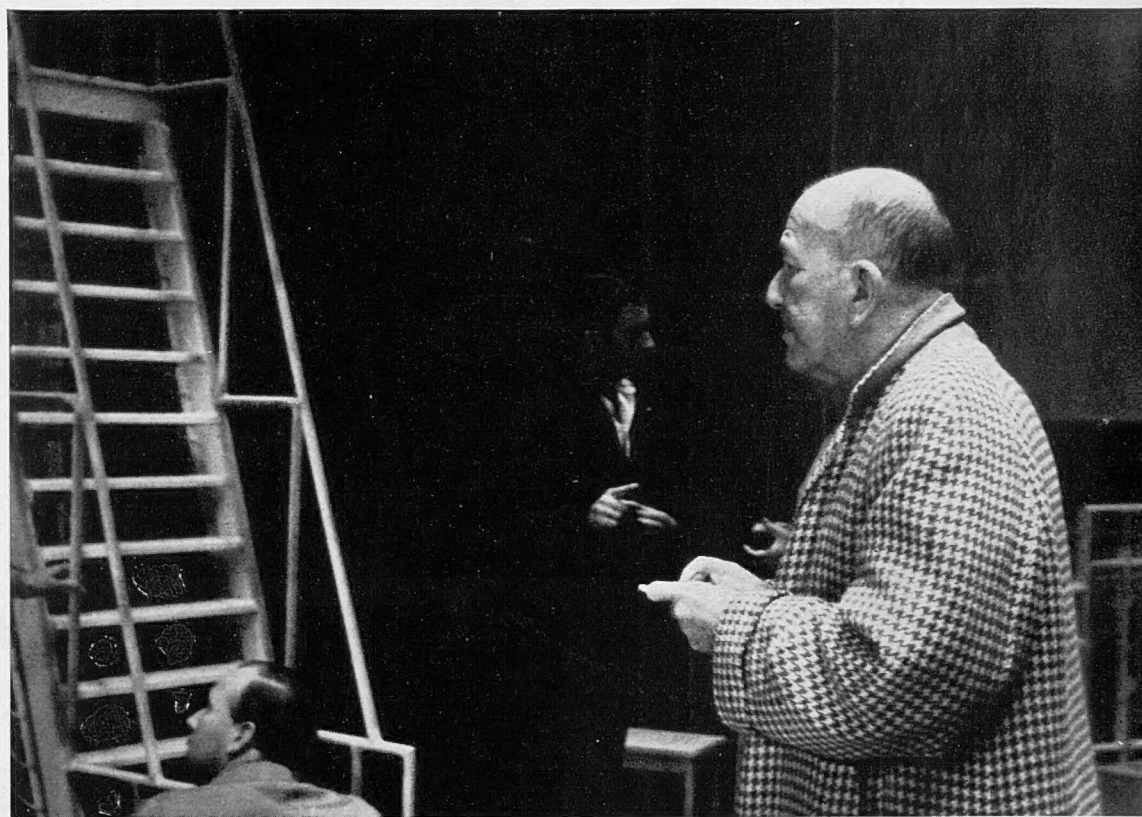




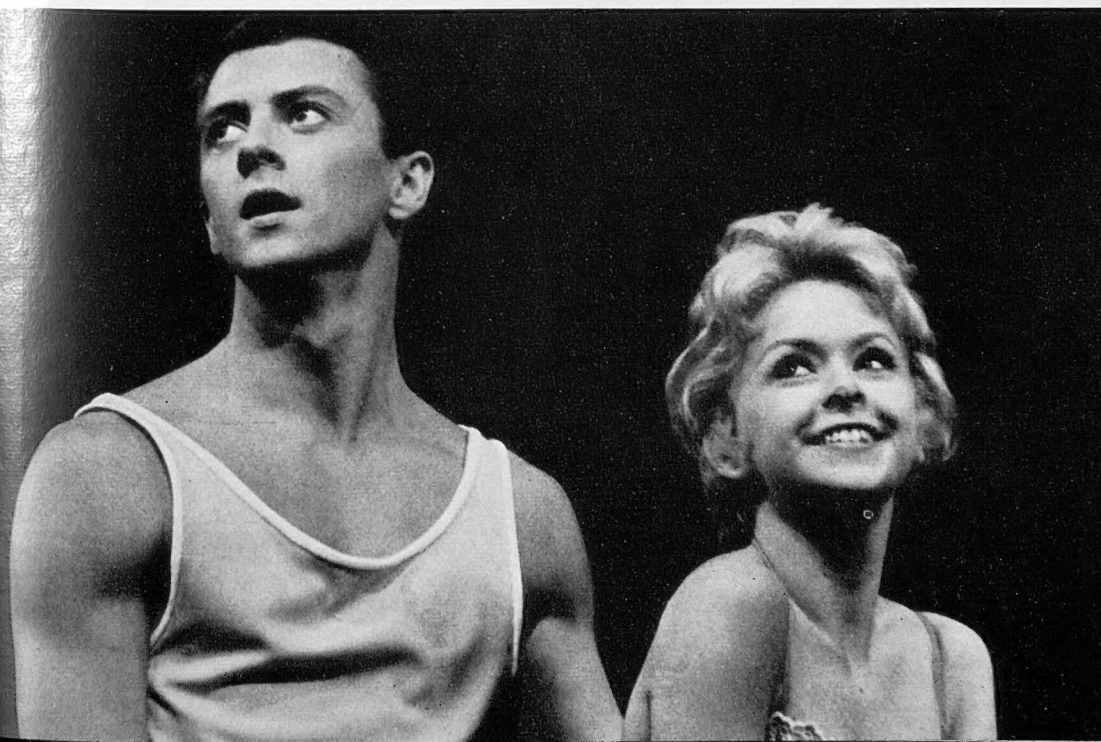
Dancing: action alternates between the deck of the luxury liner and various exotic ports. Grover Dale and Sheila Forbes are the juvenile leads

PHOTOGRAPHS: MORRIS NEWCOMBE

Singing: Grover Dale and Sheila Forbes. He was in the Paris production of West Side Story. She has been in three Broadway musicals, is only 18. Pat Wallace reviews Sail Away on page 41



Directing: Noël Coward makes notes in the wings during rehearsal



The Byzantine trail

BYZANTINE ART MAY BE AN acquired taste, but it is a heady draught to those who have become addicted. Even to comparative Philistines, its most famous monuments—the churches of Daphni, just outside Athens; Santa Sofia and Santa Saviour, in Constantinople; Monreale and the Palatine Chapel in Palermo, San Marco in Venice and San Vitale in Ravenna—are among the landmarks of Europe. At the least, they are firework displays of mosaic, purely and absolutely beautiful. More specifically they represent links in a civilization that continued from the mid-fifth until the mid-15th century: a period of which more than half is dismissed as “the Dark Ages” in English school books. But even the school books relate that in 1453 the Ottoman Turks sacked Constantinople (Byzantium), converted the churches into mosques and whitewashed or destroyed all the mosaics that depicted figures, human or divine. Its art went on to influence the Florentine and Siennese schools of painting. Politically, it was dead.

It is extraordinary now to compare Constantinople, whose red-brick, loaf-shaped buildings and domes are punctuated by minarets, whose streets seethe with competitive humanity and a clangour of street cars, with the quiet backwater of Ravenna, a peaceful little north Italian market town a few kilometres inland from the Adriatic coast resorts of Rimini and Riccione. And to realize that once they were of equal status, twin cities of the late



Roman, the early Byzantine Empire.

Ravenna is a place one visits in much the same spirit as the ancient cities of Leptis Magna, Palmyra or Ephesus, but with this difference: instead of the bone-white skeletons of a dead city, its Byzantine remains are woven almost imperceptibly into its living fabric. It is, once more, a going concern: a pretty, hard-working little town—though even in the 1820s Byron had described it as “a dead and soundless city.” In search of the city that was, one should journey 10 kilometres outside the town to the church of Sant’ Apollinare in Classe, the seaport where once the galleons of the Caesars rode at anchor, and which was indeed the chief reason why Ravenna was capital of the west Roman Empire during the fifth century. Later abandoned by everybody—even the sea went away—it became a wild No Man’s Land, eventually reclaimed and planted with pine trees and orchards in which Garibaldi sought one of his many refuges during his

fight to reunite Italy. The stones of the church are pinkly honey-coloured and it has a magnificent cylindrical bell tower surrounded by cypresses and Mediterranean pines. Inside, the mosaics are all green and white and gold and the effect, if less spectacular than that of the brilliant dark blue mosaic to be found elsewhere, is one of wonderful peace and proportion.

Rewarding enough on the purely visual level, the churches and monuments of Ravenna do repay the guiding hand—or, alternatively, some assiduous reading. For example, the galleons of the port at Classe are depicted in mosaic on the walls of Sant’ Apollinare Nuovo, which was built by the same semi-barbaric king, Theodoric, who built its companion church. It was the Emperor Justinian who finally claimed Ravenna for the Byzantine Empire in 540, and who completed its most famous church, San Vitale. Here again the mosaics are beautiful as such, but it is interesting to see that both he and his Empress Theodora have halos around their heads to signify their divinely conceded power. The Byzantine Empire—the history of which makes some melodramatic reading—was beset, among other things, by a series of religious schisms, but it was not until two and a half centuries later that the Pope, wearied by them, severed all connection with Byzantium and had Charlemagne crowned Holy Roman Emperor.

Galla Placidia, the Empress-Regent who ruled Ravenna before the barbarians, is commemorated by a mausoleum which is one of the city’s most

lovely and famous monuments. Like the Taj Mahal, it is one of the few which are dedicated, as a labour of love, to a woman. Its dark blue and gold mosaics are best seen when they are lit, through the golden alabaster windows, by the late morning sun. Here are the famous doves drinking from the chalice, as well as gold mosaic heads of a lion, an angel, a bull and an eagle, to symbolize the Four Apostles. And last among the great beauties—though it by no means exhausts the places to see—is the Orthodox Baptistery, whose fluid and living figures on the mosaic ceiling, so different from the stylized, static art of the later Empire, is one of Ravenna’s greatest glories. Dante mused and dreamed there when he was completing his *Divine Comedy*, and his tomb is nearby, in the cloisters of San Francesco. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, the Commune of Florence gives oil from the Tuscan hills that were his birthplace to feed the votive lamp that burns inside his tomb.

Lovers of Byzantine art, fanciers of the pleasing intimacy of small Italian towns, could spend time in Ravenna, using it perhaps also as a base from which to visit the neighbouring art towns of Ferrara and Faenza. It has two pleasant hotels, the Jolly and the San Marco. It is only eight kilometres from the Adriatic coast, and about two hours’ drive—or three hours by train—from Venice. BEA have a self-drive car hire service operating from Venice airport, and waterbuses now link the airport with the city at San Marco. Return fare, BEA, by night, is £31 17s., and by day, £39 16s.



Classe: Campanile of the church of Sant’ Apollinaire, and (right) Ravenna: Piazza del Popolo

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THE TATLER
4 JULY 1962

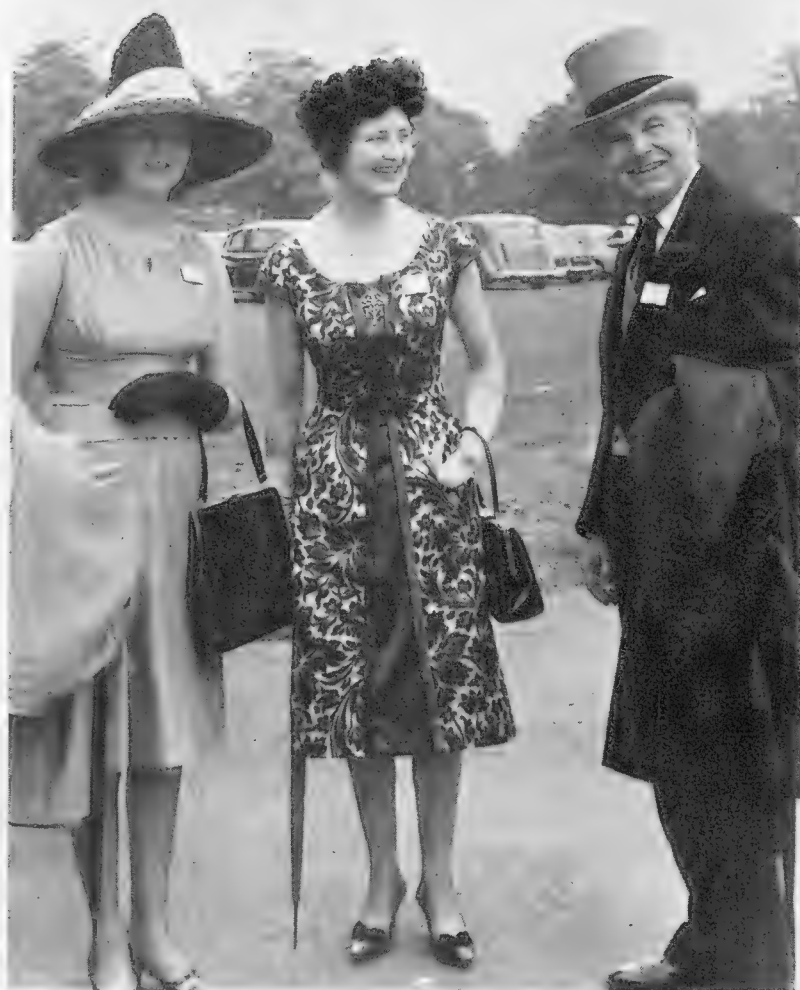
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ROYAL ASCOT '62



Wearing a blue picture hat that matched her dress of guipure lace, the Queen walks to the paddock at Ascot on Gold Cup Day with the Duke of Norfolk. This year's meeting was notable for its days of sunshine and the elegance of the fashions. Many chose the Queen's colour of blue but on the first day Princess Alexandra dressed in pink and the Queen Mother later attended in an all-yellow outfit. Muriel Bowen reports the Ascot people and parties overleaf with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill and Van Hallan

ROYAL ASCOT '62 CONTINUED



Miss Hazel Cook with her parents Sir Thomas & Lady Cook



Mrs. B. Smithers, Mr. Sebastian Gilbey and the Hon. Mrs. John Gilbey



Viscountess Astor



The Hon. Lady Waley-Cohen

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

GLAMOROUS ASCOT OPENED IN BRIGHT sunshine and high wind with flapping hats and swirling skirts. It was the smartest Ascot ever—not so many shining stars maybe but thousands on thousands of well dressed women. The other thing that stood out was the way the horses divided into two groups hugging the rails on either side and leaving the centre of the course free. The jockeys were certain (or so those I spoke to told me) that the sides were faster than the centre. This of course should give the horses drawn at either end of the field an advantage in the shorter races. It is an odd quirk this, but one which racing experts tell me is unlikely to last—the turf at Ascot is beautifully kept, so such a thing as a quirk is likely to be short-lived.

The Queen's loveliest outfit was the pale blue lace she is wearing in our frontispiece picture which shows her walking from her carriage to the Royal Box accompanied by the **Duke of Norfolk**. As at the recent wedding of Princess Sophia in Athens many of the

more chic ensembles were all in the same shade. **Princess Alexandra** had a deep pink coat and hat the first day and on another the **Queen Mother** was dressed all in yellow. There are always a number of young people in the Queen's house party for Ascot. Those whom she invited this year included **Viscount Elveden**, the 25-year-old chairman of the Guinness empire. He took up racing last year and this May won the 1,000 Gns., a great coup in his first year. Miss **Charmian Scott**, the outstandingly pretty model girl daughter of **Lady George Scott**, was also in the party. Mrs. **Vernon Tate** in a silk shantung coat and floral hat was one of the more elegantly dressed women, and others I noticed were the **Begum Aga Khan** in a black and white patterned silk coat and matching dress, Mrs. **Michael Dormer**, the **Countess of Rosebery**, and Mrs. **Joseph Nickerson** in a slim-fitting pink coat and a petalled cartwheel hat.

Life at Ascot begins earliest in the private boxes where guests gather at noon, sometimes earlier, for luncheon. Among those entertaining were **Sir**

Eric & Lady Bowater, the **Hon. John & Mrs. Coventry**, **Mr. Charles Clore**, **Mr. & Mrs. Richard Lonsdale Hands**, and **Mr. & Mrs. Desmond Plummer** whose guests included **G/Capt. & Mrs. Gordon Pirie**, **Mr. Bill Ramsay** and **Sir John Howard**. The Royal Enclosure was very full and probably never more so than on Gold Cup Day. Those I saw there included **Brig. the Hon. Michael & Mrs. Fitzalan Howard**, **Lady Gillian Floyd**, **Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort**, **Mr. Lew Grade** the TV magnate & **Mrs. Grade**, **Vice-Admiral & Mrs. Jack Egerton**, **Mrs. Anthony Kinsman**, **Lt-Gen. Sir William & Lady Stirling**, and **Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter**, M.P., Minister of Pensions, & **Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter**.

ON TO THE PARTIES

Getting away from it all with a glass of champagne I found **Mr. Vincent O'Brien**, the young Irish trainer who won the Derby with Larkspur, and his pretty Australian-born wife. "They welcomed Larkspur back to Ireland with bonfires," he told me. And **Mrs. O'Brien**



Miss Tara Weldon and the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry



The Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford



Mr. & Mrs. John Mills



The Duchess of Rutland

chipped in: "There would have been more excitement but you discouraged it!" The Irish like to welcome a successful horse with a brass band. When the horses had all passed the post, Ascot racegoers galloped on to a profusion of cocktail parties. Even before the start of the last race guests were arriving at nearby Ascot Hill House for Mr. & Mrs. John Guest's "after racing party." Early arrivals included: Mrs. Edward Sutro and her daughter Caroline; Prince El Hassan, the Moroccan Ambassador, and his wife, and Tunku Ya'acob, the High Commissioner of Malaya. The Tunku is a horsey man, but he was a little embarrassed when I asked about the racehorses owned by his brother, the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman. "I don't know how they are," he said crisply. "But I do know that they don't win." It was a lovely warm afternoon with the roses in full bloom so people drifted into the garden. Among them were Mrs. Hamish Currie and her son David and daughter Diana, Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., and Lady Wakefield, Sir Hector & Lady Macneal, Mr. & Mrs.

Oscar Pomeroy, Lady Bowden, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Aisher, the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong & Mrs. Watson-Armstrong, and Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Blausten.

Mr. Ian Caldwell, the former amateur golf champion, was being asked about the new house he's designed overlooking Wentworth golf course. He and his wife move in shortly. There was sympathy for another sportsman Mr. George McVeagh who was limping as result of taking part in Father's Day at Heathfield. It says a lot for the vigour with which the Heathfield girls play games as Mr. McVeagh has represented Ireland in four different sports. Out on the avenue diplomatic limousines were causing traffic chaos, a subject that was to become a more fascinating and animated topic of conversation than the horses when the Nepalese Ambassador Shri Kali Prasad Upadhyay returned, having already said his goodbyes, and said that he was completely hemmed in. This he announced with a charm and graciousness that disappeared from the English road with the Brighton mail coach. From Mr. Guest there

remained the satisfaction of backing five winners and getting a good party past the post. But the nicest thing must have been the number of people who said that the garden looked charming. The fact that he gave up his golf at the weekend to help get it spruced up to party primness had been the sort of blow that most good golfers find very hard to take.

SO MANY CALORIES IN A BOTTLE

Toppers were piled high in the hall and race glasses overspilled a table on to the carpet when Mr. & Mrs. John King gave a party after racing at Hillhampton, the house they take at Sunningdale every year for Royal Ascot. When I arrived Mr. King was busy with a champagne bottle in each hand, not even pausing for a sip himself. "I've got a stone off, and I'm determined to lose more," he told me. "And this darned stuff is the worst in the world for putting it on again!" Mr. King is, of course, the joint-Master of the Belvoir, a big country over which few people pass him.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

ROYAL ASCOT '62 CONTINUED



Princess Alexandra wearing a petal hat in the paddock at Ascot with Viscount Elveden, who was in the Queen's house party



Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Carr watch the racing. They were in Mr. Richard Lonsdale-Hands's party



Mrs. Leonard Carver with her horse Trelawny who won the Ascot Stakes & the Queen Alexandra Stakes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Naturally the Leicestershire hunting people were well represented. Among them were **Lady Margaret van Cutsem**, **Brig. & Mrs. J. Cooper**, and **Major Pat Dennis**. Others I saw were **Diana Duchess of Newcastle**, that fearless defender of women's race riding; **Miss Frances Day**, **Mr. Clive Graham**, and a pretty girl from Ireland, **Miss Philippa Spicer**. These Leicestershire people are tireless. After supper the pomp and formality of the racecourse was soon forgotten and guests turned out for croquet as the sun sank behind the rhododendrons. Our host was easily the best player, but then the game was played to his personal rules.

P.S. One of my more distinguished psychiatrist friends tells me that croquet is a perfect way to work off the aggression one feels after investing too heavily in the wrong horses!

BEFORE AND AFTER

Another good after-racing party was given by **Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cadbury**.

This wasn't a housewarming but a get-together of close friends. They've just moved from Sandwich, where they have one of the loveliest of seaside homes—now up for sale—to Tittenhurst Park, Ascot. And as **Mrs. Cadbury** said: "With the walls still bare, we didn't want to have more than old friends."

Nearly a hundred people went to a pre-race lunch at Ingliston House, **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Neale's** place at Wentworth. **Mrs. Neale** had an awning built on to the side of the house and, with two buffets, guests were able to help themselves and then have a sitdown meal. "I was determined it should be a sitdown affair," **Mrs. Neale** told me. "When you're all dressed up with large hat and bag there is nothing more awful than trying to balance a plate and a glass. Anyway my husband is rather against stand-up meals if they can be avoided."

The Neales' guests included: **Mr. & Mrs. Louis Rawlings**, **Mr. Timothy Holland**, **Sir William & Lady McFadzean** and their daughter, **Angela**, **Mr. Gerald & the Hon. Mrs. Marcow**,

Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Goodhew, **Mr. & Mrs. Philip Booth**, and **Mr. Gerry Albertini**. So that nobody was held up if they wanted to get away in time to see the first race the Neales' chauffeur parked guests' cars. "After some of the hold-ups we have had before we thought it would be a wise move," **Mrs. Neale** said. A very wise one I should say. It is amazing the number of people who like myself cannot park a car if there is only one tight corner left.

FATED FIRST NIGHT

People speeded back from Ascot on opening day for the first night of **William Douglas-Home's** ill-fated play, *The Cigarette Girl*. A Douglas-Home first night is usually an occasion. I remember tiers of people laughing like the rain at the first nights of his *Chiltern Hundreds* and *Manor Of Northstead*. Sadly *The Cigarette Girl* missed the snap and vivacity of its predecessors. After five days it flopped, the eighth play to close in eight bleak weeks in theatreland.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

GOLD CUP COCKTAILS



Lord Bossom and Valerie Lady Bowden. Left: Mr. John Guest, the host, pours champagne for Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Plummer. Below: Mme Clouet des Pesruches, Mr. T. G. McVeagh and Mr. C. J. Wilding-Cole, also guests at the party



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. & Mrs. John Guest gave an after-racing cocktail party on Gold Cup day at their home, Ascot Hill House, just a stone's throw from the course



Miss Louise Pigot and Miss Susan Hamer



Mrs. John Guest with the Nepalese Ambassador H.E. Shri Kali Prasad Upadhyay

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill, the Spanish Ambassador & the **Marquesa de Santa Cruz**, the Minister of Agriculture Mr. **Christopher Soames, M.P.**, **Viscount & Viscountess Ward of Witley**, and **Nancy Viscountess Astor** were among those making up the first night audience. Mr. **Jo Grimond, M.P.**, came too—a generous gesture. Last year Mr. Douglas-Home walked out of the Liberal Party because he wasn't called to speak at the Conference.

The Foreign Secretary, the **Earl of Home**, took two tickets and brought his niece, Miss **Rosemary Scott**. Like Mr. Grimond he isn't a first night regular. Both of them fumbled for change in their pockets only to discover, on finding a suitable coin, that on a first night the programmes are always free. Lord Home had slipped in unknown to his brother the playwright. "I would not dream of approaching him on a first night," he said.

ROYAL DAY FOR POLO

The Queen is one of polo's most regular devotees at Smith's Lawn. Most Sundays she drives herself over from Windsor Castle in a black Rover, usually just before whatever match Prince Philip is playing in. Last Sunday she saw the most thrilling final yet for her cup and after presenting the trophy to Mr. **W. Simonsen**, successful with his Brazilian-Argentine team, she invited the players to join her for tea in the Royal Box.

In the last five minutes of the match the Sao Silvestre team (named after Mr. Simonsen's place in Brazil) scored three goals getting the better of Ambersham, 6-4. "The most exciting day I've ever had in England," was how young Mr. Simonsen summed up his success. He comes of an English family with business interests that cover television, motor cars, and coffee in South America. He comes here for three months of the year to play polo, staying at the family's fine place at Alton near Hampshire where he keeps his string of Argentine-bred polo ponies.

It was a scorching hot day, a contrast to the Sunday before when the **Maharajah of Jaipur** left in the middle of the afternoon by car to fetch warm sweaters and top coats for her shivering husband and son. **Lt.-Col. Humphrey Guinness** was wearing his Panama hat, and **Capt. R. Ambler**—with two jumbo sized cartons—was one of the people responsible for the ice cream stall running out of supplies. Others at the Queen's Cup match were Mr. & Mrs. **Geoffrey Cross**, **Major & Mrs. Ronnie Ferguson**, **Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma**, **Major & Mrs. Dick de la Hey**, **Lt.-Col. R. J. A. Watt**, **Major John Board**, and the **Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford**.

CALLING HARROVIANS

Cricket, swimming, speeches and tea on the Headmaster's lawn were familiar moments during speech day at Harrow



Colin Liddell and Paul Dunkels beneath the Harrow School flag. Right: Lady Thomas with her son William



Left: Sir Peter Roberts, Bt., & Lady Roberts. Below: The match between the School and Harrow Wanderers, the old boys' XI





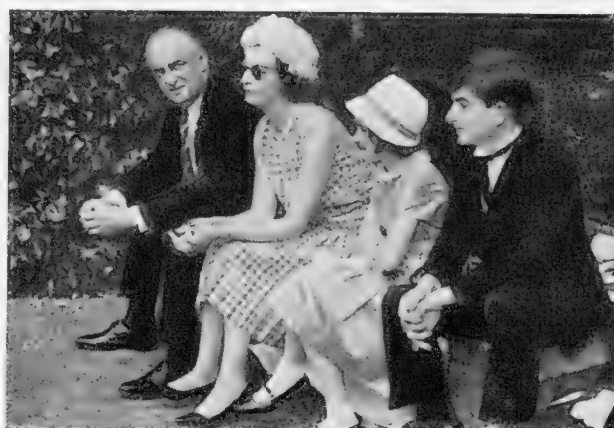
The day began with the traditional Calling Bill ceremony in which the headmaster Dr. R. L. James conducts the roll call. Below: Miss Carol Carr-Walker with her mother Mrs. C. I. Carr-Walker and brother Richard Carr-Walker



Alastair Campbell, Mrs. Austin O'Connor and her son Michael



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mr. A. E. Minns presents the Duckling Trophy to Simon Morris and Robert King. Left: Mr. & Mrs. John Savage with their daughter Pia and son Nicholas

The Royal Naval Sailing Association & the Royal Albert Yacht Club held a combined regatta from R.A.Y.C. lines, Southsea



Mrs. John Glanville whose husband is Commodore of the Royal Albert Yacht Club

Right: Lt. Cdr. J. H. Edmonds, R.N., the regatta secretary, and Mrs. Judy Shinner

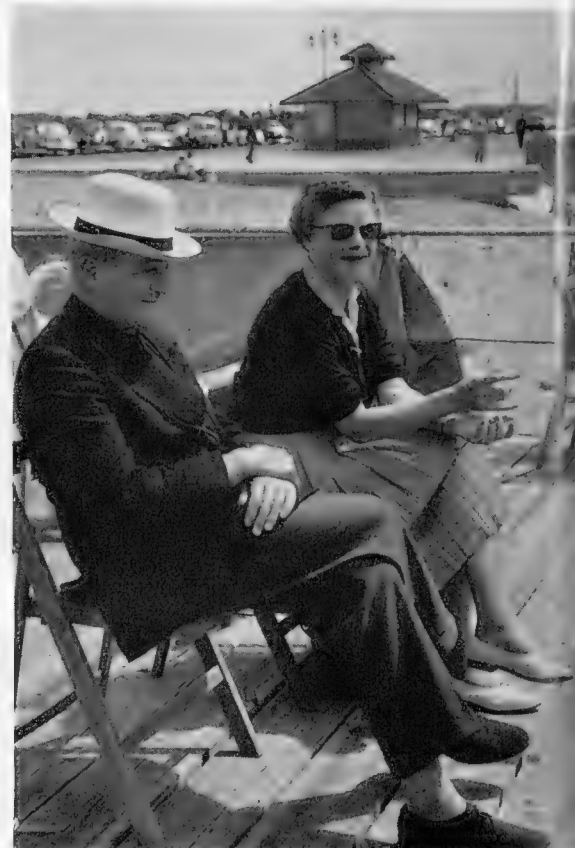
Far right: Brigadier J. C. Friedberger, the former international show jumper, and his wife watched the sailing from the clubhouse deck



The start of the Under-27 foot rating: From left: *Misty Dream* (T. C. Clarke), *Electron* (H.M.S. Collingwood), *Alchemy of Wight* (H. F. Gillan and A. A. Freemantle), *Sunmaid IV* (Commander G. Bowles) the winner, and *Diadem of Bursledon* (Major R. S. Clifton). The sailing weather held fair

COMBINED OPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALL & CO.



Well I don't know

Lord Kilbracken

I PROPOSE THIS WEEK TO EXAMINE PUBLIC opinion polls. I have two reasons for doing so. The first is that they are now very much in the news because of the effect—or lack of it—which they are said to have on by-elections. It's a fairly certain bet that one of our Great National Dailies will come out with the usual announcement any day now that the electors of Piddlington East are 38.3 per cent Socialists, 21.9 per cent Liberals, 20.4 per cent Tories, 8.1 per cent Flat Earthers and 11.3 per cent Don't Knows. It is not immediately obvious how this will influence the electors, since it may make the Socialists complacent to the benefit of the Flat Earthers or stimulate the Liberals at the expense of the Don't Knows and Socialists. Next day, moreover, another of our GNDs, having first announced rather angrily and in a most superior manner that it doesn't believe in public opinion polls, that they are highly misleading and dangerous, and that no one should take them seriously, will proceed to announce its own findings very seriously indeed. These will bear no resemblance to their rival's the previous day. A third GND will publish an equally discrepant set of figures towards the end of the week. After the Flat Earther's election, all three will claim with cries of triumph—and figures to prove it conclusively—that their poll was best, even though he was the one candidate nobody gave a chance.

My second reason for tackling this subject is that I have myself, for the first time ever, just taken part in one. I can, therefore, write from personal experience. It had always struck me as strange, to the point of being suspicious, that no pollster had ever asked me what I thought of *anything*, especially when I found that all my friends and acquaintances were in the same ignored position. How could this be explained when the findings of polls on every conceiv-

able subject were being announced daily? But I had given up all hope of ever being canvassed when there came a ring on my bell the other evening, at just about cocktail time. There on the doorstep was this very comely young lady—curly blonde hair, tight skirt and sweater, pencil poised over open notebook—who inquired without preamble: "Would you care to answer a few questions on your drinking habits?" And my reactions, I found, were different from those I'd anticipated.

I'd already long since made up my mind to be a Don't Know if ever I got the opportunity. This, of course, is a blanket phrase covering, among others, the Don't Cares, the Go-to-Hells, the Won't Tells and the Haven't Times. I felt sure I should resent giving private information to total strangers. In fact, one of the great weaknesses of these polls is that those of us who feel like this are *ipso facto* excluded. Those interviewed, of their very nature, comprise too many extroverts. When the time came, however, I found myself asking (for some reason or other): "What would you like to know about them?" This only goes to show that men can stop being Don't Knows when questioned by a pretty girl, though the prettiness of the girl is strictly irrelevant to the question. It would also indicate that several important categories—insecure wives, dominated husbands, and slightly-less-pretty young ladies who are expecting their boy-friends in five minutes' time—would often be excluded from the poll of this particular interviewer. She, smiling sweetly, asked me to enumerate my favourite alcoholic beverages in order of total consumption.

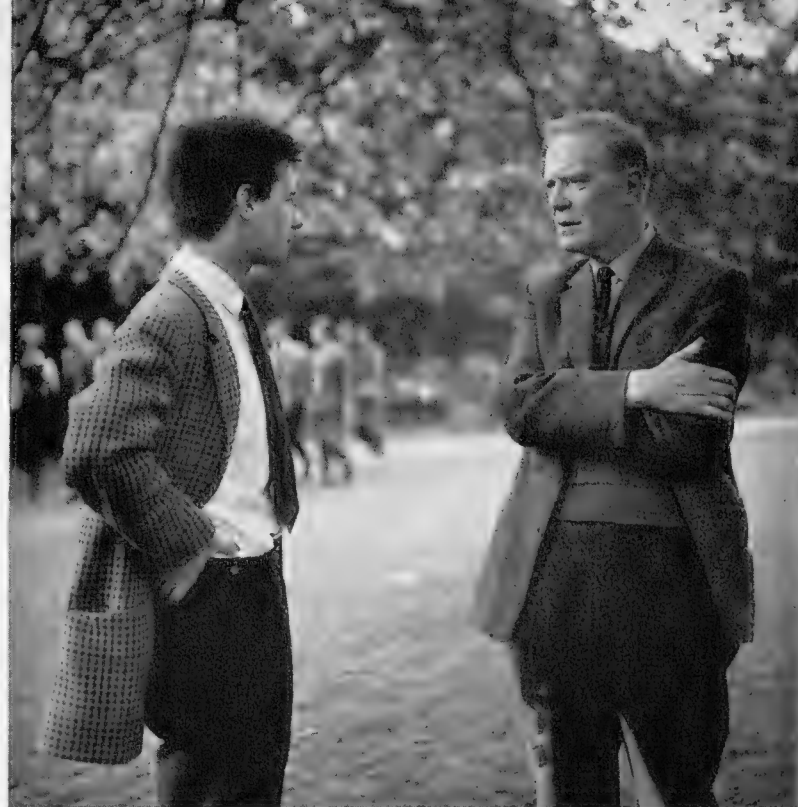
"Beer, 43.1 per cent; whiskey, 26.3 per cent; wine, 19.7 per cent; gin, 8.5 per cent; Don't Know, 2.4 per cent," I replied instantly. She looked worried about the last item, but I assured her there always *has* to be a Don't Know.

She made several ticks in her notebook, turned to the next page, and asked the unexpected question: "Do you ever drink port?" No, I replied at once. At this a look of intense disappointment clouded her features: "What, *never*?" she persisted; so I searched back into my memory.

"Now I come to think of it," I said at last (and her features brightened), "I went, as it happens, to a very dull dinner party about two years ago, after which (among other things) there wasn't any brandy. I was constrained after 20 minutes, which it took me to finish my claret, to turn in despair to the decanter."

Drinks port went down triumphantly in the notebook. My fair interlocutor now read out the names of a strange assortment of soft drinks. Did I, she asked, ever partake of them? The awful thing was that I didn't, and many of them were unknown to me. If tonic water or ginger ale had been among them, I could have given a truthful affirmative, but they were all obscure concoctions (like raspberryade and ice cream soda) which I gave up at 16. But then she suddenly asked: "Cherry brandy?"—and it was like an oasis in the desert. "Perhaps once a year, on top of an Alp in Austria or Switzerland, I'll have a cherry brandy in my coffee," I replied with relief—and her happy tick went down. (It subsequently transpired that *she* was thinking of a cherry-flavoured "cordial" which goes by the same name, but no matter.)

"Do you have any drinks in the house *at this moment*?" was the next question. I dutifully enumerated my existing supply: three pint bottles of Pale Ale and the remains of a bottle of Scotch. And then—I don't know why—a thought occurred to me: "May I, for a change, ask a question about *your* drinking habits? Do you ever drink Scotch or Pale Ale?"



The Oxford Shakespeareans

PHOTOGRAPHS: BARRY SWAEBE

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is traditionally an open-air play. Appropriately the Oxford University Dramatic Society presented it in the gardens of Worcester College. Production was by Professor Nevill Coghill, above with his assistant Mr. Mischa Scorer. The lovers Helena and Demetrius were played (above left) by Judith Silk and Giles Block

Below: *Making up in the squash courts: Julian Le Patourel and John Thomas, Tim Thomas, and Adrian Soar*





Oberon crosses to Titania on a pathway built below the surface of the lake



Miss Ann Passmore was in charge of the Fairies, from the Christ Church Cathedral Choir School. Below: Quince, (O.U.D.S. president Oliver Davies) is tripped into the lake by Puck (Tim Thomas)



Theseus and Hippolyta, played by Adrian Soar and Sylvia Lane



THE PARTY PLANNERS

Report by Angela Ince, photograph by David Sim

THE SETTING

The Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry gives formal dinner parties in a white dining room that glows into life with soft mustard velvet floor length curtains and a mellow Persian rug. The ceiling is just pink enough to reflect the most flattering possible light - at night the room is lit only by candles and individual picture lights.

"It's a room which looks much prettier by night than day." In the summer, Mrs. Berry likes to have about 20 people to dinner, and seat them at small tables set out in the garden, or on the terrace, using her husband's study as a serving room.

THE ATMOSPHERE

Less formal in summer; more in winter, when they like to have small dinner parties of eight or 10 people. The men wear dinner jackets, "My husband likes to change even when we're on our own - in any case I think men talk so much better when they have to take the trouble to change. Yes, we leave the men at the end of the meal. I suspect they're delighted to see us go - they leap up and open the door, and settle back for gossip and shop; I don't know what about - stocks and shares, perhaps."

SERVICE

"We have a butler and a cook. When we have larger numbers to entertain, though, I get in another man to help with the serving. It cuts out the business of letting things get cold while you're waiting for vegetables - with only one person there's bound to be a pause."

CELLAR

"My husband's favourite at the moment is a pink champagne, a Clicquot 1953. It's absolutely delicious. Otherwise, in the winter we like claret, in the summer a Moselle."

GUESTS' GUIDE

(What is expected from them in the way of conversation): "I simply want them to come here and go away saying, 'What a heavenly evening'. Of course I like good conversation, but I think it's up to the hostess to entertain her guests, rather than the other way round. I find conversation goes better when you mix age-groups - you get a broader angle."

VITAL KITCHEN GADGET

"A Kenwood mixer with all the attachments. It saves so much time."

SPECIALITY OF THE HOUSE

"Where food is concerned colour is terribly important. I discuss the menus on Friday for the following week with my cook—and colour is one of the things we discuss first. If you have lobster then you have to avoid a pink sweet. That's why I'm not awfully keen on soup, except cold consommé in the summer—it's nearly always a rather nothingy colour. This 'Pouding Nègre' is a favourite of ours."

7 ozs. butter; 8 ozs. Genoise cake crumbs; 6 ozs. castor sugar; 6 eggs yolks; 8 ozs. cooking chocolate; 8 egg whites: Put chocolate to soften in pan over hot water. Beat sugar and butter till light, add yolks, chocolate and cake crumbs, also a little vanilla to flavour. Then fold in stiffly whipped whites and turn into a plain greased mould and steam for 2 hours. If being served hot—turn out and cover completely with meringue and brown off in oven. If being served as a cold sweet, cover with whipped cream and decorate.



The adventure began with an idea in the mind of a former mayor of the city and achieved a triumphant realization this week with the opening of Chichester's radically designed Festival Theatre. Hector Bolitho, himself a Sussex man, drove over from Brighton to inspect his county's latest contribution to the shrine of the drama

ADVENTURE IN

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

THEATRE



SCENIC ARTIST VANESSA CLARKE FLAT OUT AFTER HECTIC LAST-MINUTE PREPARATIONS
LEFT: SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER DIRECTS A REHEARSAL

WE Sussex people scorn the vulgar images of our popularity in the rest of England—the promise of a beer-line from London to the coast; the casino by the sea and the dark report that Brighton is a centre for Devil-worship, self-confessed witches and black magic. We think rather of Glyndebourne or of the new university at Stanmer. We glance at its hundreds of windows and, with a wild flight of imagination, recall another “blazing arch of lucid glass” that leapt “like a fountain from the grass, to meet the sun.” And we are able to enjoy lectures in the Pavilion from Sir Shane Leslie, Sir Owen Morshead and Mr. Roger Fulford—arranged to celebrate the bicentenary of the birth of the Prince Regent, our patron sinner.

Now we have a fourth shrine of culture to console and delight us—the Chichester Festival Theatre, which opened on Tuesday. Sir Laurence Olivier is the perfectionist responsible for the production plans, and with him in the company are Fay Compton, Kathleen Harrison, Joan Plowright, Athene Seyler, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Sir Lewis Casson, Keith Michell, John Neville, Sir Michael Redgrave, André Morell, Joan Greenwood, Rosemary Harris and Peter Woodthorpe.

The plays are a surprising choice, but Sir Laurence's own. They are *The Chances* and *The Broken Heart*—both Jacobean; and Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* which the Queen will go to see on 21 July. Ignoring the obvious choice of Shakespeare was interesting and wise.

It might seem that all these high pomps of summer are being imposed on Chichester from the outside. But this is not so, for there is a local history behind the innovation. For example, in the busy heart of the city is the shop of Lewis & Co., who seem to cope with most human needs, from furniture to funerals. But their building, with traces of its original simple beauty, was the first theatre built in Chichester, in 1791. Even as early as the 1760s a malt house had been adapted to contain a stage and an audience, and it was described as a “tolerable theatre” in its time.

I turned over some of the old playbills. The highlight was “Mr. Kean” in *Iron Chest*; but the gay occasion must have been in May, 1808, when, “by desire of Colonel Taylor and the officers of the 20th Light Dragoons,” “Miss Smith”

appeared in *Wonder*, or *A Woman Keeps A Secret*. The threat of a Napoleonic invasion was over: officers were making merry in the Pavilion at Brighton, and the 20th Light Dragoons were no doubt equally jubilant in Chichester. Possibly that was why the management took the precaution of adding a note to the playbill that “no person” would be “admitted behind the scenes” when the play was over.

Splendid, but not aloof from this early theatre, stands the glorious cathedral. There must have been a happy acceptance between clergy and players, for some of the playbills have been found in the cathedral archives. So we may imagine the Dean, in November, 1825, returning to the close after the production of *Hamlet*; just as the Dean of today, the Very Reverend Dr. Walter Hussey, returned from Tuesday's production of *The Chances*. For he is a member of the Theatre Council, and has shared the spirit and boldness out of which the festival grew.

The Dean's house was built in 1725, so I was surprised when I stood in the sitting-room and looked out at the Henry Moore bronze of *The Falling Warrior* on the lawn; and at the Renoir and the paintings by Graham Sutherland and John Piper on the walls. Their vigour matched the eagerness with which the youthful Dean walked into the room, with the Town Clerk and his wife, to talk to me. When I told him that I had not been in the cathedral for many years, he answered: “Oh, but you must see the medieval carvings; Henry Moore says that they are as fine as any in the British Isles. And you must see the 13th-century paintings in the Bishop's Chapel—the ‘Chichester Roundel.’ John Piper thinks it is the finest medieval painting in the country.” Then—“And you must see the Graham Sutherland painting in the St. Mary Magdalene Chapel; we are very proud of that.”

The Town Clerk, Mr. Eric Banks, went on to tell me about the theatre. The idea was Chichester bred. Mr. Leslie Evershed-Martin, a former mayor, watched a film about the Stratford Festival Theatre in Ontario on the B.B.C. and his civic pride was stirred. He saw Sir Tyrone Guthrie, who was enthusiastic; then went to the Town Clerk of Chichester, and the Council who approved the plan and gave 43 acres of Oakland Park at a peppercorn rent. Then came the serious cry for money. The modern eyes of the architects Messrs. Powell & Moya adapted the best

of the past and the present, marrying the classic lines of a Greek amphitheatre and the open stage that Shakespeare enjoyed at the old Globe with the production needs of the mid-20th century. The plans were drawn up, £100,000 was raised and the theatre built. Generosity and local enthusiasm made this possible. The plays and the players will come from a broader world but the heart of the matter lies in Sussex.

during the Old Vic season in 1945.

I asked the policeman directing the traffic from the shelter of the early 16th-century market cross where I would find the rooms in which the theatre costumes were being made. I found it one flight up in a small ballroom, where sat eight young men and six young women, with their busy scissors and needles, making Greek costumes for *The Broken Heart*.

Leaving all this industry, I



SIR LAURENCE WITH ACTOR KEITH MICHELL AND (CENTRE) COMPOSER JOHN ADDISON

The Duke of Norfolk gave a ball at Arundel Castle to help the funds and Princess Alexandra of Kent laid the foundation stone. Then, so that everyone in Chichester could feel a sense of possession, the poorer ones came along with 7s. 6d. each for a bag of cement. Thus briefed, I entered the theatre. Of course, it is a surprise to those of us brought up on prosceniums and curtains. But I soon became excited by the prospect of seeing an audience of 1,360 almost encircling the open stage, and the promise of an entirely new conception of scenery.

Sir Laurence Olivier, who is now also a Sussex man, will direct all three plays and act in two of them. The first, *The Chances*, was written in the 1630s by John Fletcher, another Sussex man and son of the Bishop of London. It is described as “a lusty, full-blooded comedy of intrigue, mistaken identity and amorous adventure.” The second, *The Broken Heart* (first produced in 1633), was the tragedy that pleased Charles Lamb so much. He wrote, “I do not know where to find, in any play, a catastrophe so grand, so solemn and so surprising.” Then comes *Uncle Vanya*, which was last produced

enjoyed a quiet walk in the side streets and came on the old oak gates into the Hospital of the Blessed Mary, in St. Martin's Square, the only medieval hospice—it dates from 1153—in all England where old people live under a consecrated roof. The actual building, with choir and nave, is dated 1285; and there, in the nave, live seven old ladies, each with her own three-room suite.

A sprightly guide showed me the oak screen, dated 1200, directed my eyes to the glorious oak roof beams; then knocked on a door and one of the seven old ladies came out. She was Miss Courtenay, once a district nurse and now, at 73, enjoying the privilege of living in this consecrated haven of rest; because, according to the terms of the foundation, she has lived more than five years, within five miles, of Chichester.

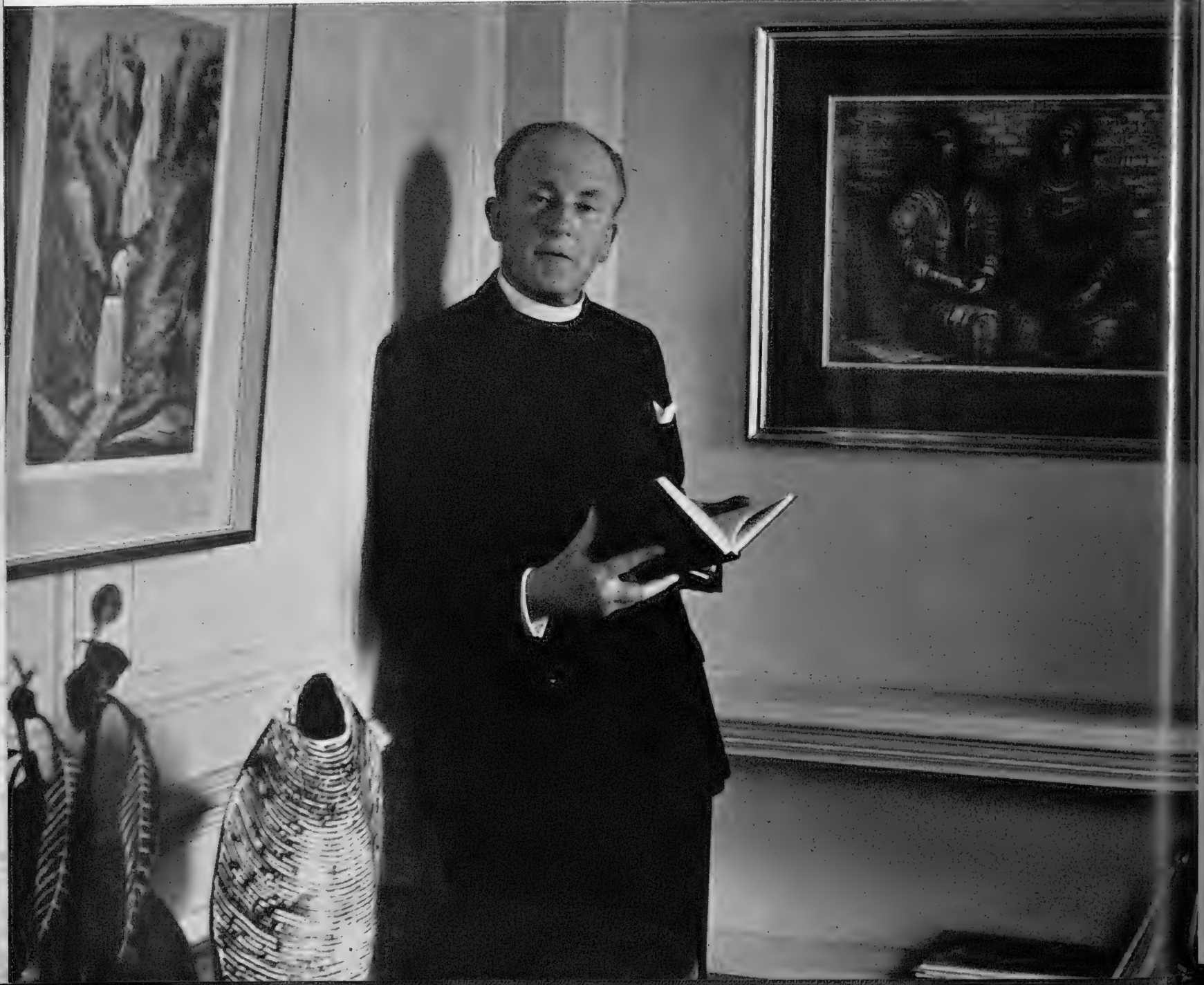
I asked Miss Courtenay: “Are you interested in the Festival Theatre?” She answered eagerly: “Good gracious! Interested in the theatre! Why, I remember *The Bluebird*, by Maeterlinck. And Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *Hedda Gabler*. Oh, yes, we are all interested in the Festival Theatre. All the year I have been praying that I might live to see it opened.”

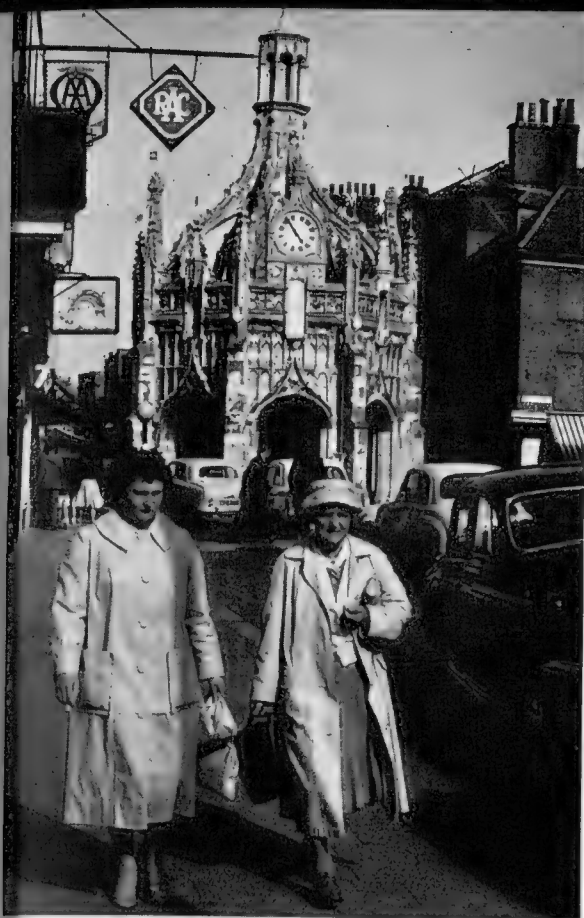


AT HOME IN CHICHESTER, MR. AND MRS. JAMES BATTERSBY WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS VERONICA AND VICTORIA. MR. BATTERSBY IS A MEMBER OF THE THEATRE BOARD AND CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ADMINISTRATION, HIS WIFE DESIGNED THE HOUSE IN WHICH THEY LIVE

THE DEAN OF CHICHESTER, THE VERY REVEREND DR. WALTER HUSSEY, IS ANOTHER ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORTER OF THE THEATRE AND A MEMBER OF ITS COUNCIL

THIS BUILDING WAS CHICHESTER'S FIRST THEATRE; COMPLETED IN 1791 IT IS NOW A FURNITURE STORE





LEFT: CHICHESTER'S MARKET CROSS. BELOW: MR. AND MRS. EVERSLED-MARTIN. HE IS VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE THEATRE AND THE ORIGINATOR OF THE SCHEME



LEFT: WING COMMANDER GORDON FRY HAS AN ANTIQUE SHOP IN NORTH STREET AND IS A SUPPORTER OF THE THEATRE. ABOVE LEFT: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH WITH A GUEST, HISTORIAN RONALD ARMSTRONG, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR COUNTRY HOME, STANSTED PARK. IN THE BACKGROUND BY THE POOL IS THEIR DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE





WENDY NORTH, A CHICHESTER GIRL, IS A SEAMSTRESS IN THE THEATRE'S WARDROBE DEPARTMENT. ON THE DUMMY IS ONE OF JOAN FLOWRIGHT'S COSTUMES

FREDERICK NIHDA, A CANADIAN, IS IN CHARGE OF THE COSTUME JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT. HE IS SEEN BELOW WITH HIS ASSISTANT, MISS NICOLA SCOTT, DAUGHTER OF THE NATURALIST AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY



ACTOR ANDRE MORELL AND HIS ACTRESS WIFE JOAN GREENWOOD SNATCH A TEA BREAK BETWEEN REHEARSALS AT THE THEATRE





LEFT: DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE AND HER HUSBAND SIR LEWIS CASSON IN THE SUN OUTSIDE THE FESTIVAL THEATRE



SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE AT THE GATE OF THE HOUSE IN THE PALLANTS WHICH HE HAS RENTED FOR THE SEASON. LEFT: JOHN NEVILLE AND PETER WOODTHORPE

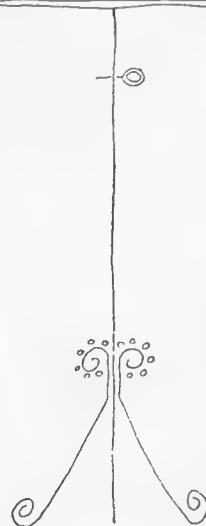


Mrs. Anthony Rawlinson chooses buttercup cotton with frills added. Trimming in broderie anglaise across the bodice of the housefrock and more to edge the bolero. By Wahls at Motherhood. £6 19s. 6d.

THE WAITING GAME

Pretty clothes to wear in
preparation for motherhood
chosen by Elizabeth Dickson

The mothers-to-be photo-
graphed by Anthony Rawlinson
are Mrs. Rawlinson and Mrs.
Brinsley Black. Designs and sketches
were devised by Gordon Ryan





For clever disguise, a periwinkle blue woven piqué suit. Slim skirt, tailored tunic top with two flap pockets. Motherhood. 6 gns.



Gala occasion, maximum chic. Tangerine wild silk with the couture cut for a party dress with glamorous back interest. Designed with short sleeved, collarless coat in same fabric. Sixty One Park Lane





Far left: Slip into something loose and cool—find a new way to keep them guessing. Crisp white piqué regatta dress tailored with two handsome hip pockets. Elegance Maternelle. 8½ gns. Bonus flattery: white organza frond hat by Simone Mirman. Gloves, Morley

Left: Dramatic number in sapphire wild silk for a day at the races, the formal wedding. Big focus on sleeves for the simple scoop neckline dress. Elegance Maternelle. 23 gns. Coolie hat dreamed up from a bouquet of white daisies by Simone Mirman

Right: Mrs. Brinsley Black wears a simple version of the Empire line in sea blue cotton. Crossover bodice anchored by tiny bows, easy skirt tapers at hem. Harvey Nichols. 6 gns. Important clip in gold and orange stones, Carlita







Far left: Confidence inspirer in poinsettia Tricel, great for lunch-parties, little evenings. Two swallowtail panels of pleats fan from an anchorage of neat, flat bows. Maternally Yours. £9 7s. 6d.

Left: To soothe away figure worries, delicious afternoon dress in heavy canary cotton. Gentle Victorian look emphasized with baby bows on the bodice, elbow-length sleeves trimmed with ruffles of broderie anglaise. Maternally Yours. 5 gns.

Right: Shopping spree shift in amusing blue and white cotton check. Frankly pretty idea: two blue ribbons that track from the Peter Pan collar to end in big bows. Dress has short sleeves, large buttons down the front. Modern Mother from Treasure Cot at Daniel Neal, London, Birmingham and Cheltenham. Budget priced at 75s.



Left: Vacation morale-booster. Romper swimsuit in printed cotton, attractive tropical hues of brilliant green and lime. Bow under the bust, deep bateau neck. Sold with matching headsquare. Harrods £4 19s. 6d.

Right: For the busy hostess, bonus for flagging spirits. Elegant cocktail suit in cherry and black printed Dycel, the blouson top knife-pleated, the skirt straight and narrow. About 7½ gns. at Du Barry (Maternity Wear), 68 Duke Street, W.1 (opposite Selfridges). Hilda Brierley, Blackburn. Maternal Pride, Kingston

Far right: Weekend loungers in sailcloth. Lean, well-cut black trews topped by a bright, summery tunic in shaded greens and yellow. Leisure outfit by Page Boy at D. H. Evans. Pants about 57s. 6d., top 55s. Also at Babyneeds Ltd., Belfast



COUNTERSPY BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

EVERYTHING FOR A CHILD UP TO nine at a new place, The Dolls House, 99a Cadogan Lane, who have the best from abroad as well as the things the English do so well, like the lawny handful of white petticoat (first on the top line) laced and tucked for £1 18s. 9d. Like the Roman-looking tunic (next door but one) in hazy blue cotton from Spain, thinly tucked and completely lined. Like the shining white party dress, smocked in pearly blue for £7 2s. 6d. Like the playsuit on the model child which is a limedrop printed top and pants from Sweden: £1 7s. 6d.

Everything for the new-born and upwards at the new Baby Boutique at Elegance Maternelle in Sloane Street who import lots from the Continent. Like the criss-cross embroidered barboteuse (second on the second line) from France: 4 gns. Like (next but one) an infant's top, pink pin-striped which ties at the back: 35s. 6d.

Everything of the best at Hayfords in Sloane Street whose unpretentious exterior hides a wealth of tucked lawns, lace, meticulously made children's clothes that last more than one child. Like this heirloom christening gown in white lace with a stash of ruffles down the front: 18 gns. (in the swing). Like their pin-perfect summer coat (behind) yoked, laced and minutely buttoned for £6 16s. 6d. The cane-work baby basket is a frothy nest of departments: 18 gns. The child wears one of their demure sun bonnets: 23s. 9d., carries a Larry the lamb: 12s. 6d., an ivory brush and comb set: 5½ gns.

The White House is another sanctuary for the pin-tucked, frilled and fussed baby. Their Shetland shawl (on the cot front) is thistle-down light: 13½ gns. to match a jacket: £4 19s. 6d. On the crib's side too is a white lawn-tucked dress, ribbon-slotted: 4 gns. Second on the top line is a baby blue poplin dress with an icy broderie frontage, a swingy shape: £4 19s. 6d. Bibs in every shapely size: some pinned up here range from the minute to the wrap-around, studded with small roses. Plus the prettiest party bib of all with a ring-around of fruit for 39s. 6d. White silk quilted shoes cost 45s. 6d.

Packed into a travelling case is the new Easy Mind baby alarm which magnifies sound and saves strained ears: £9 plus £1 19s. 6d. for case. Swing, crib and rocker in nursery white painted iron, cushioned in black/white gingham from Wright & Day. Wrap up the cot problem with Fogarty's fitted nylon cot sheets which keep the energetic safely enshrined. In white, pink, blue or primrose, a measure of 46 x 22 in. costs 29s. 9d. for the top, 27s. 9d. for the bottom.

BABY-CRIB



PRISCILLA CONRAN

VERDICTS

PLAYS

PAT WALLACE

SAIL AWAY SAVOY THEATRE (ELAINE STRITCH, EDITH DAY, SYDNEY ARNOLD, DAVID HOLLIDAY, DOROTHY REYNOLDS)

Cruising with Coward

THERE USED TO BE A JOKE ABOUT A FOREIGN gentleman who complained of the vagaries of English pronunciation and had his spirit finally crushed when he read: "Cavalcade—pronounced success!" Well, there is another pronounced success in London now and it is by the same author. Mr. Noël Coward's *Sail Away* is a hit, a wow, or anything you please that means hilarious entertainment with at least six really good songs. The whole score, incidentally, is better than any that he has written for years and, unlike the work of other contemporary composers of light music, reminiscent of nobody at all but Mr. Coward.

There are critics, of course, who seem defeated, even exasperated by Mr. Coward's long run of success, but their ideas are beginning to date as fatally as they say Mr. Coward's do. "Book, music, lyrics and direction by Noël Coward." We have been reading that line on programmes for more than 30 years. We even take it for granted that this extraordinary man of the theatre should be capable of doing all that, and doing it with more than skill; with intelligence, with wit and with the true theatrical panache. In this notoriously denigrating,

kitchen-sink phase we seem to be going through, Mr. Coward has no master in sheer professional competence.

The plot of *Sail Away* concerns the passengers on a Cunarder leaving New York for a Mediterranean cruise, and the ebullient personality of their cruise hostess who has problems of her own. It is a simple story, the precise opposite of those opera librettos one tries to elucidate before the beginning of the overture, but it will do as a basis for a glittering, fast-paced production, some infectious music, inimitable lyrics and very funny dialogue. The sets and costumes by Mr. Loudon Sainthill are elegant, appropriate and pretty. The scenery doesn't perform any tricks. It is romantic where it should be, plain when it is subsidiary, crisp and clear when those qualities fit the action. It is never monotonous but moves decisively from contrast to contrast.

As for the cast, it is a cloud of small stars whirling around that explosion of vitality and brightness which is Miss Elaine Stritch. Nothing like her has happened to London for years: a young woman with a round, expressive face and one of those long-legged American figures which, like Texan multimillionaires, one has heard of but just doesn't seem to come across. Now she is over here for a comfortably long stay and who but Mr. Coward discovered her for us? Her delivery is dry, her voice can have a Mermanesque rasp to it or be controlled to the tenderness of a love song. By the end of the evening it was evident that, with her punch and perfect timing, she could put over numbers with not a quarter the snap and crackle of Mr. Coward's songs. Darn it, she persuades us that she could put over volume A-D of the London Telephone Directory and have the audience begging for E-K. This musical has made her a star.

Miss Stritch is, blessedly, a real professional, like the playwright, and that is a true virtue in the theatre. Miss Edith Day, who has a small part and a funny, wry little song with Mr. Sydney Arnold, is another example of this kind of authority. Mr. David Holliday as the romantic interest, in the old phrase, belts out his songs with gusto and is by no means a lightweight

even in such company and there is a delightful, very young girl, Miss Sheila Forbes, with a child's curly hair, grace and engaging dottiness. With Mr. Grover Dale, a lithe and amusing performer, she heads the team of dancers, none of whom appears to be much over 17 and all of whom dance with the exuberance of their age under the direction of Mr. Joe Layton.

Miss Dorothy Reynolds is great as the lady novelist, Elinor Spencer-Bollard, a formidable but commonsensical personage who, if not recognizable, does remind one of experiences in meeting members of this redoubtable breed. The children—and inevitably there are children on cruise ships—are eight little dears and/or pests headed by the all-time stinker, Alvin, admirably played by young Mr. Stephen Ashworth. Mr. John Hewer, as the purser, has a splendidly typical Coward song, "The Passenger's Always Right." And Miss Stritch as the cruise hostess is—funny, dynamic, fabulous Miss Stritch.

Finally and throughout, there is Mr. Coward. Surely it is time we realized there is nobody in the theatre, ours or anyone else's, quite like our own Noël Coward?



Neil McCallum, Collin Wilcox and Bernard Braden in Tennessee Williams's "serious comedy" *Period of Adjustment*, which transferred to Wyndham's from the Royal Court Theatre last night

FILMS

ELSPETH GRANT

HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY PRODUCER HAROLD LLOYD **BOYS' NIGHT OUT** DIRECTOR MICHAEL GORDON (KIM NOVAK, JAMES GARNER, TONY RANDALL, HOWARD DUFF, HOWARD MORRIS) **DER ROSENKAVAILIER** DIRECTOR PAUL CZINNER (ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF, SENA JURINAC, OTTO EDELMANN, ERICH KUNZ) **LEON MORIN, PRIEST** DIRECTOR JEAN-PIERRE MELVILLE (JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO, EMMANUELE RIVA)

A.1 at Lloyd's

THE 17-YEAR-OLD MISS WHO VENTURED WITH ME into *Harold Lloyd's World Of Comedy* fell about laughing over the silent sequences which comprise the greater part of this side-splitting symposium—but all the same, and rather to my disappointment, she preferred "the bits with dialogue" culled from the comedian's films of the 1930s.

With the ruthless honesty of youth, she told Mr. Lloyd so. Mr. Lloyd, urbane and twinkly, patted her hand in a fatherly way and said soothingly: "Well, my dear, that's understandable, very understandable—it depends what you're used to."

I suppose so. Give me the fine, calculated frenzy of his silent films, any day: I was brought up on them. It's true that in making his concessions to the era of the talkies, Mr. Lloyd used only the absolute minimum of dialogue and the fun provided by the excerpts from *Feet First* (1930), *Movie Crazy* (1932) and *Professor Beware* (1938) remains largely visual: still, it seemed to me that sound had slowed Mr. Lloyd down somewhat. Nothing in his later work (though it's absolutely splendid, of course) has for me quite the mad excitement of that chase from *Girl Shy* (1924) where Mr. Lloyd, at a great deal more than the rate of a hunt, speeds by bicycle, tram, Tin Lizzie, motor-bike and two-horse shay to snatch the love of his life from the arms of the bigamist who is leading her to the altar. Mr. Lloyd could salt the slapstick with satire—see the

Mexican revolution sequence from *Why Worry* (1926)—and, as the crazy trying-out-a-new-car sequence from *Hot Water* (1924) shows, knew how to lend a brand-new sparkle to the old mother-in-law joke.

The cracking pace of the silent films, the meticulous timing, the apparently limitless wealth of comic invention—these are what made the young Mr. Lloyd the young Mr. Charlie Chaplin's only serious rival as a box-office attraction in the 1920s: they are what one sadly misses in the contemporary cinema. Mr. Lloyd, a spry 69, but well past the hair-raising cliff-hanging acrobatics of *Safety Last* (1923) and *Feet First*, may never make another film—will certainly never make another "silent"—so go revel in the joyous entertainment he offers you here. (May the ingrates who do not, be as miserable as they deserve.)

The censor has given *Boys' Night Out* an "X" certificate—and I should jolly well think so. Four suburban gentlemen spend their daily journey to the city discussing what to do with the weekly night out allowed them by their dependants. The

pleasures of the bar-room, the card-tables and the bowling-alley have begun to pall—something racier is required. Why not, suggests one, install some obliging blonde in a luxury apartment where they can take turns at visiting her? ("A quail-trap run on a co-operative basis," is how the set-up is described.) It seems a great idea.

A suitable apartment is hired and, like the answer to a prayer, in walks Miss Kim Novak—who tells the enraptured four she'd be charmed to serve as their joint mistress. This is very unfair of Miss Novak, for she has no intention of sharing the overstuffed, mirror-canopied bed with any of them: she is, believe it or not, a sociologist gathering material for a thesis on "The Adolescent Sexual Fantasies of the Adult Suburban Male"—fantasies, it is boldly admitted, largely induced and encouraged by films like this one, which implies that a "quail-trap" is a status symbol no businessman should be without.

Miss Novak appears to be uncannily well-briefed on the domestic backgrounds of her "lovers" and is thus able to take their minds off the bedroom. Mr. Tony Randall's wife is bored with his conversation, Mr. Howard Duff's won't let him mend the garage-door

for fear of giving the neighbours an impression of poverty, and Mr. Howard Morris's has put him on a starvation diet because *she* is slimming. The astute Miss Novak cooks luscious meals for Mr. Morris, begs Mr. Duff to fix her garbage-disposal unit, and listens for hours at a stretch to Mr. Randall's blow by blow account of how he became the remarkable man he is. It's child's play to keep *them* happy—but when confronted with Mr. James Garner, the bachelor member of the quartet, Miss Novak finds herself in difficulties: *his* sexual fantasies are rather more adult than she had expected, and it looks for a moment as though she's to be taught a sharp lesson. Unfortunately for the moral tone, the scriptwriters are on her side: they do not hesitate to create the impression that by posing as a tart a gal can catch herself a respectable husband and live happily ever after. Tchik! Tchik! What is the world coming to?

An opera photographed in stage performance is perhaps not your idea of a film—but the Salzburg Festival Hall production of **Der Rosenkavalier** which Dr. Paul Czinner has captured on celluloid and in glowing colour is so beautiful that it is surely

entitled to a place in the cinema and cannot fail to delight any filmgoer who is also an opera-lover. Mme. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is in superb voice as the Princess von Werdenberg, and looks divine. Mlle. Sena Jurinac as Count Octavian, Herr Otto Edelmann as the boorish Baron Ochs and Mlle. Anneliese Rothenberger as the young girl he aspires to marry could not be better—and the work of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the Vienna State Opera Chorus and Ballet is quite magnificent. I found it all enchanting.

The conversion of a young Communist widow to Roman Catholicism is the moving and sensitively handled theme of **Leon Morin, Priest**. Mlle. Emmanuele Riva as the widow and M. Jean-Paul Belmondo as the curiously harsh but dangerously attractive young priest give, under the direction of M. Jean-Pierre Melville, the most compelling performances I have seen from either of them. It is inevitable that the woman should fall in love with her confessor—inevitable, too, that he should sternly turn away from her. It seems to me almost miraculous that she should achieve peace through anguish—and yet, watching Mlle. Riva, I believed it completely.

BOOKS SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THE KINDLY ONES BY ANTHONY POWELL (HEINEMANN, 18s.) **THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE** ED. RUPERT HART-DAVIS (HART-DAVIS, 84s.) **THE IMAGE** BY DANIEL BOORSTIN (WEIDENFELD & NICOLSON, 30s.) **MARIE STOPES** BY KEITH BRIANT (HOGARTH, 25s.) **OLD ENGLISH HOUSES** BY HUGH BRAUN (FABER, 25s.)

Mr. Powell's siren call

LIKE SOMEONE IN THE GRIP OF A DEMENTED urge to touch every fifth upright in a row of railings, or an insane passion for pickled walnuts, I have, over the years, simply become possessed by the novel sequence that Mr. Anthony Powell calls *The Music of Time*. Unable either to resist or to explain my unquestioning devotion to Mr. Powell's world (into which I in fact made a slow, late and reluctant entrance), I can do no more than announce that **The Kindly Ones** is superb, weird, transfixing and as hallucinatory as ever. The dialogue is magical and exact as one has long grown to expect, the events as predictable and yet as oddly mysterious, and once more Widmerpool eels in and out of our lives. Sometimes, in moments of attempted rebellion, when the weather is bad and I make a half-hearted effort to shake free of Mr. Powell's shackles of eerie enchantment, *The Music of Time* forces me to pose that well-known question concerning the eternal verities of fiction called where-are-we-all-going-what-does-it-all-MEAN? But for the most part I am content as usual to sit back and let it wash over me in waves of low-pitched, cool, practically unnoticeable and unutterably well-bred delight. Sometimes, indeed, it scares me a little, as if, should Mr. Powell ever stop writing his saga (and God forbid), we should all fall down stone dead.

The Kindly Ones includes, among other treasures, the entrance of a curious figure recalling the late Aleister Crowley; a

marvellous dinner-party at Sir Magnus Donner's ending with *tableaux vivants* demonstrating "the abounding physical vitality of big aristocratic families, their absolute disregard for personal dignity in uninhibited delight in 'dressing up,' that passionate return to childhood, never released so fully in any other country, or, even in this country, so completely by any other class"; Mr. Powell's own particular and gravely farcical method of announcing the little incident at Sarajevo; and some superb material on neurotic life below stairs, including a mad parlourmaid who runs amuck and makes a startling entrance in the nude, to be calmed and led away by General Conyers armed with a Kashmir shawl from the piano.

For those who do not feel as I do, it is impossible to describe or account for Mr. Powell's powerful spell. It has something to do with the state of trance one is thrown into by long family letters, often of indescribable boredom, about who has married whom and why the wedding was such a disaster and how impossible it is to get good domestic help nowadays. (As is the case exactly with to-be-continued family letters, I find it very hard in the Powell world to remember the names of married partners and how it happened in the first place, but this matters not one jot.) There is also something haunting about the exquisite starkly plain grace of Mr. Powell's style, and the wild poker-faced pomp of his grotesque comedy. The pace is slow, the plot apparently either non-existent or confused to a point of impossibility, the tone of voice so muttery and pitched so low you can barely catch it, the whole enterprise one of mysterious high-flown and somehow gallant folly. *The Music of Time* took me some years to hear at all, so low and curious is its bizarre little hum; this week it fills my head to the complete exclusion of other possibly more weighty matters.

Rupert Hart-Davis's vast and handsome edition of **The Letters of Oscar Wilde**—more than a thousand of them—is so care-

fully and fully footnoted (in some cases one feels just slightly over-noted perhaps) that it serves as a very satisfactory biography of the man who has oddly turned into one of our most popular national heroes.

As one who will always if possible run very fast in the opposite direction from all professional raconteurs and droppers of jewelled *bon mots*, I have so far managed to resist the evident allure of Wilde, whose prose style has for me the smell of stale Phul-Na-Na and whose personal disaster seems to me pathetic but a few miles off tragedy. The letters to the unspeakable Lord Alfred Douglas—apart from the plain, painful and really magnificent *De Profundis*—are so fancy they remind me of the poisonously elaborate sweeties one fancied so much at the age of about eight, and the whole volume seems to be studded with fearful sentences about chairs being sonnets in ivory and tables masterpieces in pearl. I have now reached a point of being very truly sorry for poor Oscar in theory, but in practice being quite, for the moment, unable to care any more.

Briefly . . . The Image by Daniel Boorstin is about the American habit of substituting pseudo-reality for real people and events, and is yet another shot in the popular game the Americans have invented of bravely facing their own guns in public and without even a little bandage round the eyes. A little overblown, and should, I think, have really made a satisfyingly stern pamphlet. . . . **Marie Stopes** by Keith Briant is an informative, sympathetic and unbullying biography of a sad lady with grave problems of her own who did a great deal of good and hit a great many people over the head in the process. She wrote a good many elfin letters signing herself "Woodnymph" and had no luck at all in her depressingly negative private life. . . . And **Old English Houses** by Hugh Braun is an enchanting book, written with knowledge and real love and not a dull sentence, about the thing the English are truly good at—the smaller house and its history.

RECORDS SPIKE HUGHES

ENGLISH LUTE MUSIC PLAYED BY JULIAN BREAM
DIDO & AENEAS BY PURCELL THIRD PIANO
CONCERTO BY BARTOK THIRD PIANO CONCERTO
BY PROKOFIEV FIFTH & SIXTH STRING QUARTETS
BY BARTOK TE DEUM BY BERLIOZ

From Dido to Bartok

WHEN PAGANINI SAID HE FOUND THE GUITAR the most difficult instrument of all to play, he obviously hadn't tried playing the lute—which, I have always been assured, is a fair stinker. Julian Bream, having mastered the guitar and, one suspects, inevitably finding its repertoire a little limited (consisting, as it does, of one or two not very distinguished modern concertos, a few transcriptions of Bach, and an endless number of Spanish pieces which all sound alike), turned to the lute and encountered the full glory of the great English lutenists. In *English Lute Music* (RCA—mono and stereo) this young English musician plays 16 late 16th and early 17th century pieces—mainly dance music like pavanes, almaines and galliards, but including a fascinating set of variations on *Greensleeves*, one of the top pops of the time. The composer of this

number is as near anonymous as the reference books can make him. The credit is to "Francis (?) Cutting (b? d?)"

Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*, written originally in 1689 for Mr. Josias Priest's School for Young Gentlewomen in Chelsea, has since been making an international name for itself in festival productions at Aix-en-Provence and Como, among other places, so it's comforting to know that it is also being honoured in its own country. Last month they performed it at Aldeburgh; this month it is rightly part of the City of London's first Festival. Janet Baker, who sang Dido at Aldeburgh, sings it again in the Oiseau-Lyre recording of the opera (one record—mono and stereo) and gives an admirable performance in what I believe is the first gramophone record she has ever made. She confirms most convincingly that Dido's death is still one of the most moving scenes in all opera. But *Dido and Aeneas* is sad only at the end. The rest of it is full of gaiety, drama, charm and a tremendous virility that is sadly rare in modern English music.

For some reason Bartók is in disgrace in this country at the moment—at least with the critics. The gramophone lists, on the other hand, show him to be exceptionally well done by—probably with an eye on the rising record-buying generation who (now aged seven) take Bartók's music in their

unprejudiced stride and shame their elders by enjoying every minute of it. One of the most encouraging signs, however, is to find Bartók re-issued on a cheap label like Decca's Ace of Clubs, where his attractive *Third Piano Concerto* is coupled with Prokofiev's equally approachable *Third Piano Concerto* (both played by Julius Katchen). Slightly tougher propositions are Bartók's *Fifth and Sixth String Quartets*, which are played by the Fine Arts Quartet on one Saga record (mono only), and contain some of his very finest music. The sixth, and last, of his quartets was the last music he wrote in Europe before going to America in 1940, where he died five years later in the sort of unbelievable poverty one associates with 19th-century Ireland, not 20th-century New York.

A Thomas Beecham recording that I feared had been withdrawn for good has happily reappeared. This is the Berlioz *Te Deum* (Philips—mono only), in a tremendous performance full of the conductor's peculiarly infectious enjoyment of everything he did. Only one, rather greedy, regret: that Beecham did not include the two stirring movements Berlioz intended to be played when the work was performed on a military occasion. For some reason conductors have always been shy of the martial *Praeludium* and the final *Presentation of the Colours*, which is particularly rousing.

GALLERIES ROBERT WRAIGHT

COLLECTION OF DR. HENRY ROLAND MANCHESTER CITY ART GALLERY

A private visionary

IT WAS RAINING AND THE EXTERIOR ASPECT OF the City of Manchester Art Gallery looked as uninviting as a tomb. But inside, its permanent collection made me, a Londoner, feel a bit guilty about the unfair way in which the nation's wealth of pictures is distributed or, rather, not distributed. A fine Rembrandt caught my eye, but on closer examination it turned out to be on loan from the National Gallery. A handsome but sad young man sat beside a big photograph of the Leonardo waiting for contributors to the Appeal, but there were none in sight.

However, I was not in Manchester to see these things but to have a look at the collection of modern paintings, sculpture and drawings which Dr. Henry Roland has lent to Manchester and will afterwards lend to Leeds. That I had come all the way from London to see a collection normally kept in London or thereabouts will not seem so foolish when I explain that Dr. Roland had come along, too, in order to see it *in toto* for the first time. After all, where can you put 100 paintings, 20 sculptures and 60 framed drawings in a small town house? His pleasure at seeing again so many old friends was immense. So, too, must have been his feeling of achievement, for this is no collection of great names bought in a hurry as an investment and status-symbol but a remarkable testimony to his breadth of vision. Of course there are works by "great names"—Bonnard, Rodin, Ernst, Maillol, Moore, Klee—but the majority of

them were bought before the names (and the prices) were generally seen to be great.

Dr. Roland is a man who knows what he likes, but his likes are those of one who has steeped himself in art. "My pictures, sculptures and drawings deepen my awareness of life and imbue the world around me with new and added meaning. They help me to see," he says. And when buying a work of art he asks himself: Does it enhance my own perception in a new, exciting way?

Looking at the exhibition in the light of that question I was amazed how often the answers were in the affirmative for me, too. Apart from such obvious perception-enhancers as Henry Moore's famous *Shelter sleepers* and Graham Sutherland's almost equally famous *Thorn head*, Max Ernst's *Forest & sun* (a *frottage*) and Emil Nolde's *Portrait of a boy*, there are many by only slightly less accomplished practitioners.

Making a tremendous impact, and not only by weight of numbers (seven paintings and all 60 drawings), is Josef Herman, the Polish-born painter who became virtually the national artist of Wales (the National Eisteddfod has awarded him its gold medal) as a result of the long series of perceptive pictures he made in the mining town of Ystradgynlais. Since then he has turned his powerful pen and brush on Spanish and French peasants, Israeli planters, Italian woodworkers and German harvesters with equally magical results.

Clearly Dr. Roland adopts no false attitude in his collecting. He is not, he says, tired of the subject picture nor afraid of sentiment. He likes colour and poetry in paint, and abstractions that evoke images of the visual world. All these things are clear in his collection. But equally clear are the things he does not like. He may admire the craftsmanship of the constructivists but the results of it leave him cold. He acknowledges that, for instance,

Francis Bacon is a brilliant painter but he could not live with his work.

For the most part his collection has been built up since the war. He is still discovering new young artists and believes that now is as good a time as any there has ever been to start a collection. Among his most recent acquisitions are two paintings by John Selway who is still, I believe, a student at the Royal College of Art. Another, a gorgeous *View from a window, Italy*, is by a Japanese-Canadian called Kijooka, who walked into his office with the picture, sold it for £25 and has not been seen since. With the example of Dr. Roland before them I feel that those who are contemplating starting a collection would be well advised to begin with Selway and Kijooka (if they can find him).



Nijinsky dancing. A Rodin bronze in the Roland collection

OPERA

J. ROGER BAKER

Three cheers

THE TRIPLE BILL OF OPERA PRESENTED AT Covent Garden makes decisive headway on two fronts: that of opera in English and that of portmanteau presentation. Triple (not to say quadruple) bills are commonplace in ballet, but apart from the deadly twins *Cav & Pag*, opera managements seem to shy from the idea. Mr. Georg Solti selected three first-rate examples of the one-acter for this attempt which certainly succeeded beyond my expectation. I came away listing all the other short operas that one only hears on records, radio or at small festivals, which could be combined into equally stimulating programmes.

The operas were freshly translated into English; wise, since in two of them it is essential to grasp the dialogue—also all the singers were English-speaking. Only in the central piece, Schoenberg's monodrama *Erwartung*, were the words obscured by either the singer or the orchestra. Ironically this could hardly be called an important flaw, since Miss Amy Shuard gave one of the most vital and exciting performances I have heard from her (and I've heard many). She plays a woman who wanders through a forest looking for her lover and eventually comes across his dead body. During her search, memories, desires and hopes crowd in on her unhinged mind and Miss Shuard attained a high degree of pathos and intensity. Mr. Solti's account of the turbulent score and the decors of Gunther Schneider Siemssen—forest imagery and symbols of the woman's wandering mind merged in skilful back-projections—combined in a production winning the loudest cheer of the evening.

Modified cheers for the other two works. The opera house orchestra responded magnificently to Mr. Solti's baton. He caught the languorous siesta-time quality of Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole*, in which Miss Mary Costa (from America) made a flashing Concepcion, the clockmaker's wife who has one hour in the week to herself and likes to make the most of it. Using a lovely dark-toned voice she revealed a likeable talent for comedy and was well partnered by Mr. John Shaw, the muleteer who carries her to bed when her other two lovers have failed her. In this, and in *Gianni Schicchi* by Puccini, which ended the evening, the director Mr. Peter Ustinov seemed to have laboured over-hard on visual comic effect, once or twice being betrayed into using a technique more suitable to operetta. He did, however, handle the scheming relatives on the three-tiered set of *Gianni Schicchi* with expected wit and invention. This set, by Fabrizio Clerici, managed to combine the fresh colour and odd lack of perspective characteristic of medieval painting, and the 15 singers (led by the indispensable Mr. Geraint Evans and the irrepressible Miss Edith Coates) gave a splendid display of ensemble singing and acting. One does not generally associate Puccini with comedy (though the second act of *La Bohème* gives a clue), but this is a vintage work full of sparkle and typical swooning tunes, notably Rinuccio's song of praise to Florence, and, of course, *O my beloved father*, sung by the delicious Miss Joan Carlyle.



In *L'Heure Espagnol*, Mary Costa gives way to anger when both her lovers have failed her. Below: Amy Shuard keens over the dead body of her lover in *Erwartung*, a psychological monodrama. Both operas in the triple bill at Covent Garden



PHOTOGRAPHS: ERICH AUERBACH

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

The warp & the weft

IN GREAT HOUSES WALLS USED TO BE DECORATED not only with pictures but also with tapestries. Even in Biblical days, according to the Book of Proverbs, tapestries were used as coverings. Here is a good example of an early 16th century fine Brussels tapestry. It has a Verdure design, commonly called *Chourfleur*. This colloquial name arose from the similarity of the large leaves in the design to those of the cauliflower plant. The artist has based his design on flowers and birds in green and blue foliage, while the border, on a yellow ground, has pomegranates in two corners, roses and apples in the other two. This tapestry measures only 6 ft. 3 in. x 7 ft. 11 in., a useful size for today's smaller homes.

Tapestries were woven on either an upright or horizontal loom. Those worked upright were considered superior, as a better texture could be achieved by the weaver who worked on the reverse side of the tapestry, viewing the face of his work in a mirror. The designs frequently depicted national events or mythological subjects and many paintings were transposed into the medium of wool and silk. Famous artists even created specific designs for tapestries, prominent among them being David Teniers, and in fact many are still known as Teniers tapestries.

Brussels was one of the principal centres where tapestry weaving took place during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. Fine examples have been found in the great homes of England including Hampton Court, others at the Prado, Spain, and the Louvre in Paris.

Perhaps the most famous of all is the exceptional set depicting the Acts of the Apostles in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. These were woven to designs made by Raphael and it is interesting to note that seven of the original cartoons are now in the Victoria & Albert Museum. The tapestry shown was formerly in the collection of the late Dr. Cedric Lane Roberts of Tewin, Hertfordshire, and until recently was in the possession of V. & C. Sternberg, of South Audley Street, London, W.1, by whose courtesy the photograph is reproduced.



Brussels tapestry of the 16th century, about 6 ft. by 8 ft., with Verdure design

19TH CENTURY ENGLISH FURNITURE

Full marks to Messrs. Faber & Faber for keeping their promise and publishing their series of *Monographs on Furniture*. A few weeks ago I reviewed their *Regency Furniture 1800-1830* and now *19th Century English Furniture* (£3 3s.) is on my desk. The author, Elizabeth Aslin, who has been instrumental in the collection of Victorian furniture by the Victoria & Albert Museum, has the academic side of Victoriana pat, in under 100 pages, and scores on her wide selection of illustrations, which alone give full value for money. One moment she has you purring with joy (*vide* plates 10, 18, 45, 46, 49 and 50) or screaming with indignation (*vide* plates 60, 113, 122 and 132). Plate 107 is a perfect delight—why, even a reproduction of one of Millet's famous pictures can be seen on the wall of the room, not to mention the aspidistra on the left of the bed; though perhaps it is remiss of the author to allow what appears to be an 18th century Turkish "Kula" rug to creep into the picture.



GOOD LOOKS FOR TWO

GOOD LOOKS
BY
ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

PHOTOGRAPHS:
BARRY WARNER

THE GIRL WHO STAYS A NATURAL STUNNER THOUGH PREGNANT exists 75 per cent of the time only in the imaginations of people who haven't seen her for so long that they have forgotten just how pretty she is, or of doting mothers who are prejudiced anyway. The truth is that the thing needs working at with a prettier and punchier approach that will make people concentrate on how good you look instead of how large. Camouflage pale skin with Germaine Monteil's glowingly pretty foundation cream. Superglow may cost 2 guineas but a pot lasts nine months. Try a greenish foundation to counteract the pinky tinge of a harassed hot-weather skin, Helena Rubinstein sell one at their salon in Grafton Street. Or try a beige foundation with a made-to-measure powder by Charles of the Ritz, who will mix one with more than its fair share of green. Good-looking hair is one of the few remaining vanities left so it's worth it to go somewhere where they will let you linger under the drier at a lower temperature. The only thing to remember is no hair flapping in the face—up and off. Mrs. Robin Douglas-Home (above) has the right idea from Rose Evansky who has

smoothed her blonde hair back, swooshed it forward on top and let it curve comfortably behind the ears. Mrs. Brinsley Black (left) goes to Leonard of Raphael & Leonard, who likes very feminine, escaping tendril sort of hair taken well off the face.

Swollen feet and ankles often force the victim into the sort of shoes she would normally scorn. Forestall complications by wearing exercise sandals around the house. Keep the heel-twisting sling-back strictly for parties where you'll be fussed into a chair immediately anyway. Dr. Scholl's have made their version of an exercise sandal with a heel—people who usually wear stilettos are more comfortable in them. The Scholl people will massage swelling, sell you an electric foot vibrator that costs 4 gns. for the single foot design, £5 17s. 6d. for the two feet one. Their Foot Lotion sprays on in a cooling wallflower-scented shower that deodorizes. Homework: plunge swollen feet first into hottish, then into chilly water. Don't soak them, the moment the sensation of temperature is felt, whip them into the contrasting bowl.



DINING IN

Helen Burke

Herring's kid cousin

IT WOULD SEEM THAT WHITEBAIT, the smallest of our inshore fish, are no longer popular. As a result, they are rather expensive. This year, for the first time for 10 years, there have been very heavy catches of these delicious little fish, but they are still dear at 6s. a pound. In Victorian days, cooks made whitebait omelets and there were also whitebait soups and salads. In modern cookery books, however, if whitebait are mentioned at all, frying and devilling are the only given ways of treating them.

If the fresh fish appear erratically, this cannot be said of the frozen ones, which should be available at any time throughout the year. Many people prefer them. For one thing, they are quickly frozen immediately after being caught, whereas the others have to travel, which takes time, before they reach our kitchens. Being members of the herring family, they are oily fish and tend to deteriorate on the journey.

These tiny frozen whitebait, of uniform size and beautifully chosen, are also fairly expensive. A 6-oz. carton, enough for a first course for three persons, costs 2s. 6d. Let them defrost. Do not wash them but dry them in a linen cloth. Have ready a tablespoon of flour in a paper bag, drop the whitebait into it, and shake around to coat them well. Lift out and shake between the fingers to get rid of excess, leaving only a thin coating of flour. Place in a frying basket, lower them into very hot lard or vegetable oil, and cook until they are crisp but not brown (a minute or so). Lift out and drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve at once.

To devil whitebait, sprinkle with a very little Cayenne instead of ordinary pepper. Brown bread & butter and wedges of lemon are served with the whitebait in each case.

Non-frozen whitebait are cooked in exactly the same way. If one lived on the coast the fish would be rinsed in sea water and then drained. Otherwise, rinse them in slightly salted water, dry, coat with flour as above and deep-fat fry them.

HERRING should be plentiful, pleasingly small and so full of oil that they can be cooked in an almost dry pan, and cer-

tainly in a non-stick one, though it is best to allow a little butter. For 6 persons, fillet 6 herring and pick off any small bones. Fry them fairly quickly in an ounce of butter. Gently cook any roe, first rolled in flour, in a little butter in the same pan. Serve plainly boiled potatoes with the herring and roe.

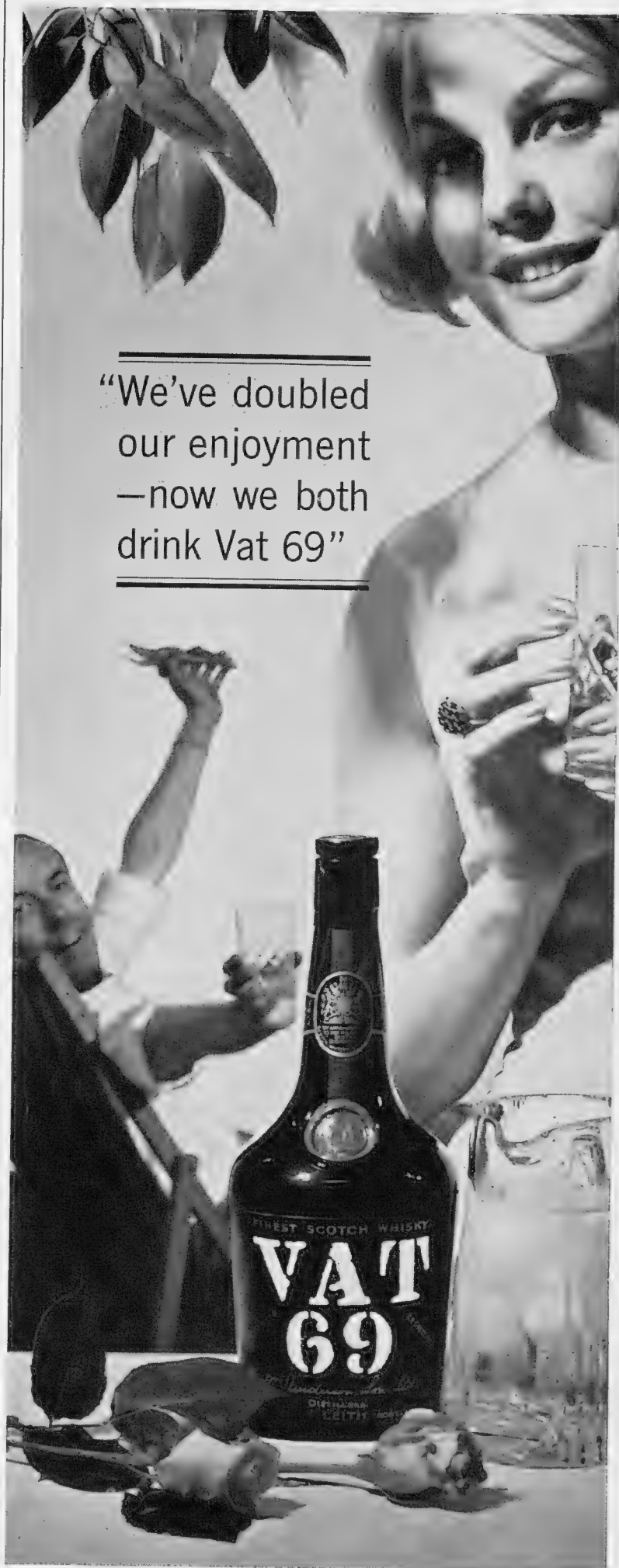
When herring are prime, a poached one is something to remember. First, make the *court-bouillon*. To a pint of water, add 4 tablespoons of cider vinegar, a sliced onion, a sliced carrot, a clove of garlic (optional), a small piece of bay leaf, a good sprig of thyme, several stalks of parsley, a little salt and freshly-milled pepper. Cover, bring to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes.

Scale, behead and clean 6 herring, leaving roes, if any, in them. Lay them in the liquid, bring to the boil and gently poach them for 6 to 8 minutes. Remove and leave to become cold in their stock. Drain and serve with a good, fairly sharp POTATO SALAD. Here is one. Boil 1½ lb. of potatoes in their jackets until they are barely cooked. Meanwhile prepare the dressing. In a large bowl, mix together a saltspoon of made mustard and 2 tablespoons of cider vinegar. Add 4 to 6 tablespoons of olive oil and a pinch each of salt and freshly-milled white pepper.

Drain the potatoes. Skin them and slice or dice into the dressing. This must be done while they are still hot so that they can "drink" it.

Turn the potatoes over and over in the dressing. Chopped chives and/or chopped parsley not only adds to the appearance of the salad but also to its flavour. Finish by adding mayonnaise or salad cream, thinned with milk or water.

With 2 tablespoons of cider vinegar and 4 of olive oil, the first dressing is really quite sharp, which is good with the herring, but most people would prefer 6 tablespoons of the oil. Another addition to the potato salad is a rather tart medium small apple, chopped and sprinkled with lemon juice to keep it white. A sour cream dressing is pleasing, if you like this sort of thing. Mix together ½ pint of sour cream, 3 tablespoons of cider vinegar, a dessertspoon of sugar and a pinch each of salt and pepper. Pour this over the potatoes (no other dressing) and turn them over and over in it. Sprinkle with paprika.



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MOTORING

Dudley Noble

The newest roof-raiser

OPEN AIR MOTORING IS SOMETHING WE ALL dream about for the warm days of summer. There are all too few of the "open and shut" type of car on the market, though, and a newcomer to their ranks is welcome news. Rootes, who have long been firm supporters of the sunshine brigade, have introduced a convertible version of their Hillman Super Minx; having tried it during a period when the weather was set fair, I am now a firm adherent of the joys of motoring in an open car.

A convertible with its roof down looks much more alluring than a saloon. Long and low, sleek and shiny, this new Hillman made the pulse beat quicker and set heads turning as I swung out of my gate. Instead of a draught from an open window there was a gentle breeze; and while I admit that, in November and December, it might be transformed into a bitter gale, even the most confirmed fresh air fiend would have raised the roof by then. And this is where the Super Minx convertible is far ahead of anything that has gone before; the roof-raising mechanism has been rethought, its frame simplified, and the operation is now easily performed by one person.

In the lowered position the roof folds neatly into the stowage recess behind the back seats, where it is concealed by a smart tonneau cover; when it is raised, the hood material looks firm and well rounded, with a good sized window at the rear and glass

side windows that are wound up from their concealed position inside the doors. The designers of this convertible body have done an excellent job, particularly as they have introduced rigidity into its construction and eliminated the "shudder" so often encountered with the type; when erected and secured by the fixings provided, it gives protection equivalent to a saloon.

This new Super convertible replaces the model of similar kind already listed in the Minx range. Its power unit is the 1.6 litre overhead valve engine which develops 66.25 b.h.p. at 4,800 r.p.m. and gives the car a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. The gearbox is four speed, with synchromesh on the upper three ratios and control by a centrally-placed sports-type lever. Fully automatic transmission ("Easidrive") is available as an optional extra at £121, inclusive of purchase tax, but built in as standard are a fresh air ventilation system and windscreen washer; also anchorage points for safety belts. The price of the model is £960 15s. 3d., tax paid, or £698 basic. Whitewall tyres, as shown in the photograph, are £7 11s. 3d. extra.

British motorists touring on the Continent often find that restaurants are not only too expensive, but offer too much food. In France one seldom gets away from lunch in a normal type restaurant under a cost per head of 25s. to 30s., even though limited numbers of the less expensive

dishes are ordered. Many prefer to take picnic meals, though they involve a certain amount of preparation and equipment. An alternative which I personally have found very satisfactory is to patronize the places known as "Les Routiers," identified by a red and blue circular plaque. A *routier* is a long distance lorry driver, of whom there are thousands on the roads of Europe; often they own their vehicle and hire it out, together with their services as driver. On the longer journeys they must eat and sleep somewhere, and so, about 40 years ago, the chain of "Les Routiers" was formed to provide them with these facilities at prices they could afford to pay. Today there are some 4,500 such places in France and other European countries, where a good square meal can be had for 5 N.F. (say 7s. 6d.), all in, with *vin ordinaire*. Bedrooms are also available, simple but comfortable, for as little as 10s. a night. The *Routiers* are regularly inspected and are open to the motoring public; they are not hostels but the nearest equivalent to a British country pub. A guide listing them is published annually, available from many booksellers at 17s., or 17s. 8d. post free from the London representative—Charles Liebman, 178 Fleet Street, E.C.4. An association has been formed known as the *Amis des Routiers*, which offers concessions in the way of prices and insurance; details will be sent by Mr. Liebman on request.



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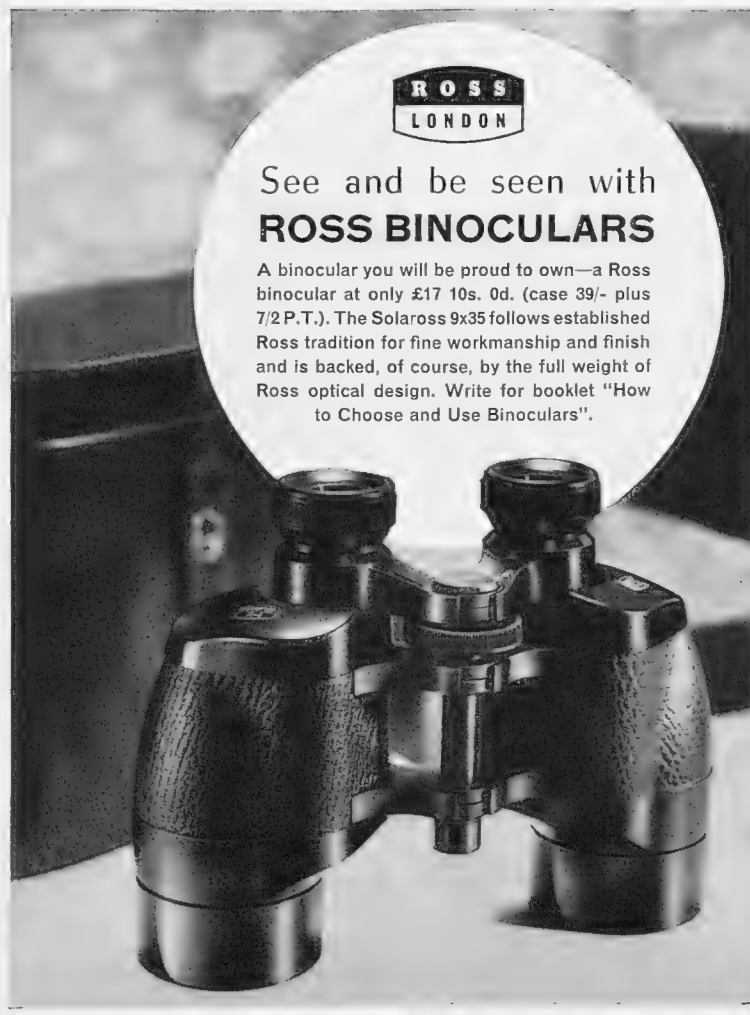
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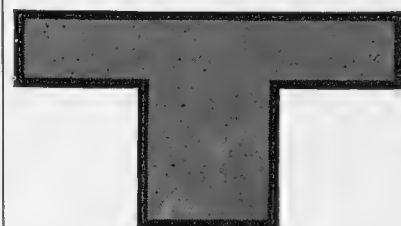
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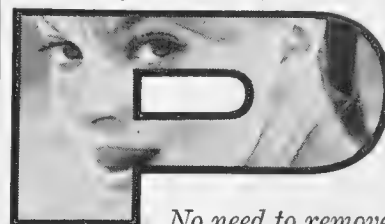
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Sainsbury—Clark: Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Sainsbury, of Smith Square, S.W.1, was married to Roger, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. J. Clark, of Bundys, Bolney, Sussex, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Ferguson—Curtin: Gillian Mary, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dudley Ferguson, of Radlett, Herts, was married to Dr. Brian Richard Curtin, son of the late Dr. Jerome Curtin, & Mrs. Curtin, of Winchmore Hill, Middlesex, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Harpenden, Herts

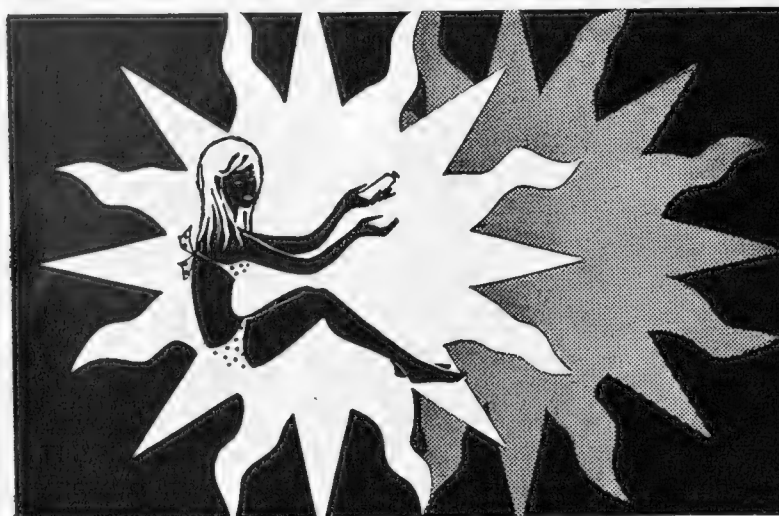


IAN JOY



Ropner—Forbes: Virginia, daughter of Col. Sir Leonard Ropner, Bt., M.P., & Lady Ropner, of Thorp Perrow, Bedale, Yorks, was married to Anthony, son of the late Lt.-Col. David Forbes, Coldstream Guards, and the Marchioness of Exeter, of Burghley House, Stamford, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Russell—Billinge: Patricia Murray, daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Russell, & of Mrs. William Wilson, of Hilton House, Capar, was married to Paul Alistair, son of the late Rev. J. Billinge, & Mrs. Billinge, of Newark, Notts, at St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrews, Fife



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Miss Peta Francis to Mr. David Wilbraham: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Francis, of Eaton Place, S.W.1. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Wilbraham, of Stockton-on-Tees, Co. Durham*

Miss Judith Stewart Nelson to Mr. Geoffrey Francis Grimes: *She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. J. A. Nelson, of Shovel, North Petherton, Bridgwater, Somerset. He is the son of the Ven. C. J. Grimes, D.D., & Mrs. Grimes, of Nevern, Alwalton, near Peterborough*



VANDYK



YEVONDE

Miss Bridget Helen Margaret Mosse to Mr. Digby Peter St. John Woods: *She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. C. O. R. Mosse, M.C., & Mrs. M. B. Mosse, of Floriden, Stream Lane, Hawkhurst, Kent. He is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. St. J. Woods*

Miss Judith Ann Easton to Mr. John Davenport Siddeley Ainscow: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. K. Easton, of Tanworth-in-Arden, Warwicks. He is the son of Mr. James A. Ainscow and of the Hon. Mrs. Ainscow*



Miss Marigold Elizabeth Schofield to Mr. Anthony Warrington: *She is the daughter of Mr. William & the Hon. Mrs. Schofield, of Low Burton Hall, Masham, Yorks. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Warrington, of Oakwood House, Alderley Edge, Cheshire*



Miss Georganne Mount to Mr. David Dimbleby: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. Mount, of Preston House, East Preston, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. Richard Dimbleby, C.B.E., & Mrs. Dimbleby, of Lynchmere, Sussex*

MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Why not belt up?

WITH THE APPROACH OF HIGH SUMMER, AND THE tendency to discard the jacket (whenever circumstance allows) that goes with it, more and more Britons are belting up. A ginger group in men's clothes is emerging, men who never wear a waistcoat and who whip off their two-button jackets before you can say Jack Kennedy. Staunch belt-wearers almost to a man. And for those who want to help open up the new frontier, I've been investigating belts available in London today. Loyalties are pretty evenly divided according to a tailor I spoke to—roughly a third of his customers use braces to keep up their trousers, a third use belts and the remainder go for self-adjusting waistbands. These are decked out with little buckles, tabs, clips and bits of elastic, but I suppose even this decoration is preferable to the belt and braces worn in tandem by a pessimistic minority.

I found one of the widest ranges of belts in Liberty's men's department. Some of their most interesting belts are made in France by L'Aiglon, and these come in such an incredible range of leathers, furs and hides that one imagines their factory to be quite near the Paris Zoo. Those who want to wear a belt made of Subator pig or an East Indian cobra should make for Liberty. The most expensive belt there is is in ostrich-skin, costing £8 15s. in a dark shade—a lighter shade costs 65s. An alligator belt of good quality in dark blue or gleaming brown costs five guineas. That

East Indian Cobra is priced at £4. One nice belt by L'Aiglon is in sealskin, a sagey green colour, edged with black calf. Of a rather similar texture is a donkey-hide belt. So much for the menagerie of exotics. Liberty also have equally handsome belts made from more mundane materials—the black calf is as nice as anything. They have a reversible belt, too; calf one side, suede the other. I also liked a belt with a wine coloured silk shantung facing, lined in leather. Incidentally, all these belts have simple, sturdy gilt buckles.

The belts at Hermès are as expensive as they are handsome. A plain calf belt in white, beige or black costs 9 guineas, and crocodile belts in brown or black can be had for 17 guineas. Jaeger in Regent Street have a very simple, comfortable and cheap belt in plaited elastic, black and brown, for 14s. 6d. Leather belts, slightly domed in section, cost 22s. 6d. There is not a very wide selection, but the girl who shows them is quite happy to help you choose a tie from the splendid range on show. John Michael in Bond Street sell crocodile belts for £7 7s., brown or black, and one can choose between an ordinary buckle or a buckle with no cross-bar, but a small stud inside. And Cecil Gee in Shaftesbury Avenue sell a good-looking olive suede belt edged with black leather for £3 7s. 6d.

I haven't heard of a British manufacturer who has copied the clever American idea of making a belt with a key blank for

the buckle-bar; the idea is that one has the key cut to fit the front door or the car ignition just in case one's keys are left in another suit. However, I'm sure this is the sort of problem that would appeal to Gino the belt-maker, 1 Lowndes Court, Carnaby Street. He is the man to go to if you want a belt made up in some exotic material that even Liberty doesn't stock. And that leaves only the Van Allen radiation belt; if the Americans go ahead and explode their rainbow bomb in it, it may be as the *New Yorker* forecasts—the Van Allen radiation pants may fall around our ankles.

SUMMER SALES GUIDE

Tomorrow: Scotch House

SATURDAY, 7 July: Harrods. Hawkes of Savile Row. Lilley & Skinner, Knightsbridge (men's shoes)

MONDAY, 9 July: Bourne & Hollingsworth. Simpson, Piccadilly

FRIDAY, 20 July: Alexandre. John Collier

TUESDAY, 24 July: T. R. Blurton & Co. (Strand and City)

WEDNESDAY, 8 August: Lillywhites

THURSDAY, 16 August: Smart Weston, Coventry Street

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HIGHEST CASH PRICES for Diamonds, Jewellery, Old Gold, Antique, Modern Silver & Plate, Gold coins, Sovs., 67/- Call or post. Expert valuer sent. EDUARDES (Goldsmiths & Silversmiths) Ltd., 9 Marble Arch, London, W.1. PAD 7296.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN AND DECORATION. The next ten-week concentrated course starts on 1st October (part-time attendance can also be arranged). Mrs. Michael Inchbald supervises the course which covers all aspects of interior design, classical and modern, with expert lectures on the history and appreciation of art, architecture, furniture, silver and china: visits to historic houses and practical sessions. Details and applications to Inchbald School of Design, 10 Milner Street, S.W.3.

POEMS WANTED. Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to:—Dept. TT, Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

"HOW TO FIND US" maps prepared. A. Fyffe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth: 25226.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN JACKETS of Loch Lomond are on sale at the factory showroom, at all major Horse and Agricultural Shows or direct from DONALD MACDONALD (ANTARTEX) LTD., Renfrew, Dumbarton. Tel.: Alexandria 2393-4.

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